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OLD CATHEDRAL, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY

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A REVIEW OF "THE CURIOUS LEGEND OF LOUIS PHILLIPPE IN KENTUCKY"

Mr. Young E. Allison contributes to the July number of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, 1925, a paper entitled "The Curious Legend of Louis Phillippe in Kentucky" to which is appended "A Postscript to the Louis Phillippe Legend." This paper was read some time ago before the Filson Club in Louisville, and attracted considerable attention because of the literary attainments of the author, the novelty of his theme, and the historic prominence of Bardstown, the scene of his fairy tale.

Mr. Allison deftly blends two distinct stories into one, under the one caption, "The Curious Legend of Louis Phillippe in Kentucky," and the unwary reader may easily be led to think that the two stories are inseparable, each being an integral part of the whole. Had the caption "Curious Legends," instead of "Legend," been chosen by the author we think it would have contributed to that clearness, so desirable in an historical essay.

The two distinct stories relate to Louis Phillippe's benefactions to the Cathedral of Bardstown, and to Louis Phillippe's prolonged stay in Kentucky. Our author links these two stories together. He seems to imply, at least, that they must stand together or fall together. He evidently wishes to convey the impression that if Louis Phillippe did not sojourn for a number of months, or a number of years in Kentucky, then, necessarily, he did not bestow gifts upon the Bardstown cathedral. Accounting for the so-called legend of Louis Phillippe's lengthy stay in Kentucky, he prefaces his paper thus: "The explanation given is that he (Louis Phillippe) was there under

the fatherly care of Bishop Flaget. After the Prince was chosen constitutional King of France in 1830 the fable expands and has it that he sent handsome presents to the Bishop's cathedral of old St. Joseph as marks of gratitude and affection." Behold how naturally and gracefully under the magic power and sweetness of Mr. Allison's typewriter the two stories begin at the beginning to merge together and intertwine. They grow and expand together, the one sustaining the other, until they stand forth the finished product, the grotesque and highly amusing and exceedingly Curious Legend of Louis Phillippe in Kentucky.

The truth is, the question of the Prince's sojourn in Kentucky has never grown to Legendary importance. The story has always lacked popular credence. The oldest dwellers in Bardstown who have treasured the traditions of their fathers, affirm that the story was never generally believed. When Bardstown is represented as having credited this story until that happy hour when Mr. Allison freed their souls from bondage, and turned upon it the searchlight of truth, that representation is false, and does injustice to the people of Bardstown. Mr. Allison has dramatically killed a thing that had no life; he has in a most pleasing way annihilated that which had no being, and his friend, Mr. Hitchcock, labels the achievement, "Sound Scholarship." May a gracious heaven protect us from our friends.

The story of Louis Phillippe's visit in Bardstown has no legitimate connection with, or relation to Louis Phillippe's gifts to the Bardstown Cathedral. Bishop Flaget's "fatherly care of the handsome and unfortunate Prince" has nothing whatsoever to do with this same Prince's generosity towards the first cathedral west of the Allegheny mountains. We protest therefore, the forced connection and relation between the two stories. The only point of contact between them is that the hero of both is one and the same personage. With these few lines we can dismiss the first part of Mr. Allison's paper; the remaining pages of our reply will be devoted to his second claim, namely, that Louis Phillippe did not make a single gift to the Bardstown Cathedral.

After providing a catalogue of what he calls the outstanding gifts to the Bardstown cathedral credited to Louis Phillippe, Mr. Allison proceeds to lay down a conditional proposition, thus:—"If it can be proved that he did not give them to the cathedral, but that on the other hand the origin otherwise of every one of them is historically known and long ago recorded, the whole myth fails." We beg to distinguish, as the school men say. If Mr. Allison has given to his readers a complete, accurate and understandable cata-

logue, and if he actually proves that the origin of all of them is historically known and long ago recorded, we will cheerfully concede his conclusion.

He does none of these things. His catalogue is defective, misleading and worthless because it does not comprise all the outstanding gifts credited to Louis Phillippe; because it contains gifts which neither history, tradition nor legend has ever credited to him, and because it fails to discriminate between the gifts credited to Louis Phillippe and those of other benefactors of the cathedral, thereby creating confusion in the minds of his readers and obscuring the question at issue. The defects of his catalogue will become more apparent as we proceed.

We may be permitted to venture a statement very much opposed to that of the distinguished writer and lecturer, namely, that Mr. Allison has most signally failed to prove the "origin otherwise" not of all, but of a single gift credited by historic record, tradition or legend to Louis Phillippe. Now for the evidence of this failure.

Able dialectician that he is, the advocate of the legend theory seeks first to break the weakest link in the chain and thereby gain the citadel. He marshalls his forces against the bell. Maes, Badin, Spalding and Webb are haled into court. We will hear what they have to say.

Bishop Maes: "The cathedral church of Bardstown was also presented with the beautiful bell of the Abbey of Ninove, cast by Mr. Sacre of Alost and bought in Alost by Father Nerynckx." Maes' testimony is ruled out of court, for our authors immediately declares that "this bell of Ninove was not the bell that went into the cathedral tower."

Father Badin, from Paris, to Father Chabrat, February 7, 1821: "I advise you to take the bell promised by your friend at Lyons, provided there should not be too great expenditure of cash, which is the thing most needed for the cathedral."

Father Badin, to Father Chabrat from Paris, September 5, 1823: "It appears to me you have grown fond of noise, since you bought the *gros bourdon* (the big bell) for the cathedral. Let me tell you that the sound of that bell is echoed even here in Paris where I lately saw Mr. Rousand. He tells me you have paid dearly for it, on account of the carriage from Lyons to Bordeaux. I am mistaken in saying you have paid. It appears probable that it will fall to my lot to discharge that debt, or part of it."

Bishop Spalding in the Life of Flaget: "M. Chabrat returned to

Bardstown from Europe, July 18, 1821, bringing the bell, weighing about 1,300 pounds, destined for the cathedral."

Webb in *Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky*, in footnote to the first letter of Badin just quoted: "The identical bell referred to has been swinging for sixty years in the tower of the former cathedral of Bardstown, sounding its admonitions to prayer, knolling over the dead, and keeping count of the fleeting hours. Times numberless when a boy, I climbed with tireless feet the long flight of stairs that led to its home in the tower, where, as it appeared to me, it kept watch and ward over the town beneath, and miles and miles of surrounding country. It is fifty years since I saw it last, but the shapely contour, and above all, its melodious sound are at present to my fancy today as they were to my faculties of sight and hearing. Around its surface, and preceding the dates 'Lyons 1821' and the holy names 'Jesu-Maria' appears the sentence from Holy Writ: '*Audite verbum domini omnes gentes, et annuntiate in insulis quae procursunt.*' The impression has been general, as well among the clergy as the laity, that this bell was a gift to Bishop Flaget from Louis Phillippe, Duke of Orleans, afterwards king of France, who desired thus to acknowledge his sense of obligation for courtesies extended to him by that prelate when he was an exile in the Island of Cuba."

The witnesses considered singly or collectively, do not prove the "origin otherwise" of the bell. They possibly prove that the bell which is now in the church tower originated at Lyons, was promised by some one there to Mr. Chabrat, that there was considerable expense involved in its transportation from Lyons to Bordeaux, and finally, that an impression was prevalent among both clergy and laity in the year 1884, when the *Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky* was published, that it was the gift of Louis Phillippe. The second letter of Badin to Chabrat may occasion some speculation as it does not seem to fit in with his first letter. In the one Badin speaks of the bell as "promised by a friend;" in the other as "bought." It is difficult to understand why Badin seems so much concerned about the carriage from Lyons to Bordeaux, and apparently not at all about the purchase price of the bell or the cost of transportation over the waters and through a considerable part of America to Kentucky. Could it be that the word "bought" in the second letter simply means that it was "paid for dearly" because of the expense of carriage? The whole letter as we find it in Webb's *Centenary* proves nothing, unless perhaps that the Proto-priest of America sometimes "kidded" his friend M. Chabrat. His letters hardly furnish sufficient grounds for the conclusion that Louis

Phillippe did not give the bell. Oral tradition is often a safer guide to the truth than the written word, and the tradition prevalent at the time of the publication of Webb's splendid history, until disproved, is more reliable as evidence than the two brief extracts from the letters of Badin to Chabrat. These letters do not prove that Louis Phillippe *did* give the bell, nor do they prove that he *did not*.

It may be pertinent here to remark that it is not argued, as our opponent claims, that persistent "tradition" in the absence of historic record should be accepted as proof. Mere persistency of tradition is not sufficient, but persistency joined with the fact that there is nothing intrinsic or extrinsic to the tradition that discredits it, gives it the first right to be heard, or, as it was argued, gives it the right of way. There is nothing intrinsically opposed to the belief that Louis Phillippe gave the bell. It was possible for him to give it, and even probable that he gave it, as its "origin otherwise" is not known, and as it is known that he gave other things of value to the cathedral. If there is anything extrinsic to the tradition that disproves it, it has not been produced. The only recorded evidence available that he did give the bell is Webb's footnote to Badin's first letter. This evidence while not conclusive is persuasive, as it witnesses to a tradition a long time existent, and continuing to a time when persons who knew the truth were yet living and could easily have been consulted. Mr. Allison's comment on the footnote, and his deductions therefrom are purely arbitrary and not justified by the known facts. What authority has he to assume that Webb's purpose in this footnote was "to specifically, but gently, correct the false impression of the King's beneficence?" Mr. Webb merely stated a fact, the fact that people generally believed that Louis Phillippe gave the bell to the cathedral. He says nothing to indicate that the impression may be false. It would be more in keeping with the character of a "conscientious and painstaking historian" to have corrected the prevailing impression if he knew it to be false.

Mr. Allison includes a remarkable mechanical clock in his catalogue. We have intimated that our historian's catalogue is worthless because it is too comprehensive. Its limits are very indefinite, but the remarkable mechanical clock is very definitely included within these limits. We simply deny that this clock was ever credited by tradition or legend to Louis Phillippe. We have no complaint to offer if Mr. Allison proves the "origin otherwise" of this clock. We merely object to its being catalogued with the gifts which the good people of Bardstown believe to have been bestowed upon the Bardstown cathedral by Louis Phillippe. It is easy to find traces of the

belief that he gave the bell, but it is extremely difficult to find such faith in Israel regarding him as donor of the clock. If such faith ever existed in the past it has become almost as extinct as the prehistoric mammal long before Mr. Allison's historico-literary creation illumined the world on the subject of Louis Phillippe in Kentucky.

The clock and the bell are of minor importance in this quest for the truth regarding Louis Phillippe's benefactions to the Bardstown cathedral. Even though it should be conceded that their "origin otherwise" has been discovered, our historian's proposition remains untenable and indefensible. The records pertaining to them are almost undecipherable, and leave room for uncertainty and conjecture. Those, however, concerning the paintings and some other gifts of Louis Phillippe are clear and unmistakable, though few in number. In this case it is not quantity, but the quality, that counts. These records cannot be blotted out by the mere assertion that they who are responsible for them did not know what they were talking about.

Here again we are constrained to object to Mr. Allison's catalogue; "A collection of very beautiful and carefully preserved oil paintings and altar pieces," is too indefinite. A generalization so comprehensive prepares the mind of the reader to accept without question that which immediately follows: namely, "all the paintings in the old cathedral, including those transferred to the Cathedral of the Assumption in Louisville, are to be credited to the loving provision of Father Neryneckx." Note how Mr. Allison sustains this affirmation. He quotes from Bishop Maes who is describing Father Neryneckx's visit to Belgium. Bishop Maes says: "About a hundred paintings which he had purchased had not reached Kentucky at the end of 1818. Among these were several valuable works of art, two of which he presented to the cathedral of Bardstown; a crucifixion and a scene of St. Bernard's life, a masterpiece which now hangs over the altar of St. Joseph in the cathedral of Louisville, and which he is said to have purchased from among the wrecks of a church that had recently been sacked by the French. This painting represents St. Bernard with the Sacred Host in his hand, giving a solemn reproof to William of Aquitaine for his schismatical and licentious conduct. Both of these valuable treasures were removed to Louisville on the transfer of the Episcopal See to that city in 1841." Nowhere does Maes claim that more than two of these hundred paintings were presented to the cathedral of Bardstown. These two have always been credited to Neryneckx. Mr. Allison offers another evidence of the "origin otherwise" of these beautiful and well preserved



IN OLD CATHEDRAL, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY



IN OLD CATHEDRAL, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin (Inscribed: *Donne par Le Roi en 1846*)



IN OLD CATHEDRAL, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY



IN OLD CATHEDRAL, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY

paintings. He quotes from Badin, writing from Paris in 1821: "I have packed several trunks at Orleans where I bought forty *tableaux d'autel* (altar pictures), an organ, etc." Mr. Allison argues from this that "if the lists are still in existence there is little doubt that the origin of every one of the valuable paintings in the old churches of the state may be established by them." This is very much like saying if we had the means of identifying the paintings which Badin packed in his trunk, with those in the cathedral, we could do so. Surely, Mr. Allison would not persuade us to believe that because Nerynekkx purchased a hundred paintings and gave two of them to the cathedral, and because Badin bought forty altar pictures, none of which we can identify, therefore Louis Phillippe did not give any paintings to the cathedral, and *all* the paintings in the cathedral are to be credited to the loving prevision of Father Nerynekkx.

A careful reading of Mr. Allison's paper reveals the fact that he has builded his beautiful and interesting story upon one imaginary rock, which, as it happens, turns out to be but shifting sand. Behold this unstable foundation of his entire "Legend" neatly quarried and carefully placed: "There is nowhere in all early church history, biography, memoir, letters or journals, that I have been able to find, of Louis Phillippe's residence there, or of any gift whatsoever made by him to the church." We commend the historian for the saving clause, "that I have been able to find." Possibly there is a vast unexplored region which would discover truths undreamed of in our philosophy. Many letters, memoirs and journals are hidden away in the archives of our country and of Europe, and who can count the letters and notes of the pioneer missionaries of Kentucky possibly owned and treasured by individuals. The letters of Bishop Flaget are numerous. They have never been collected. Few of them have been published. They are to be found in the archives of Quebec, Baltimore, Georgetown, Notre Dame and elsewhere. Many of them, no doubt, are in the archives of Rome and Paris. It is doubtful if Mr. Allison has searched all these storehouses of history in order to ascertain just what Bishop Flaget may have, or may not have said about Louis Phillippe's beneficence. It might, sometimes seem a bold thing to declare with all the dogmatism of the inspired writer that a thing is not so because I have not been able to find it.

His "proofs" concerning the vestments are equally forceful and convincing. The evidence of the "origin otherwise" of the vestments may be summed up briefly. It is comprised in the following: Fathers Nerynekkx donated vestments to the cathedral. Fathers Neryneks, Badin and Chabrat all sought fine vestments from the

churches of Belgium and France. Granted, but in this we find no proof that Louis Phillippe did not give vestments to the Church. It has never been contended that Louis Phillippe was the sole benefactor of the cathedral. Nor does the fanciful conception of the Bishop, Louis Phillippe and the King's monogram, prove anything. We may mention here also, that Father O'Connell was correct when he stated to the author of the Curious Legend that there were neither in his church records, nor in the private or public archives of Bardstown any entry to show that Louis Phillippe resided there or made the gifts attributed to him. His statement merely shows the limitations of the church records and of the private and public archives of Bardstown.

It now remains to set forth the positive reasons why the people of Bardstown and elsewhere believe that Louis Phillippe gave some paintings and other things of considerable value to Bishop Flaget and the Bardstown cathedral. The first reason is the tradition itself which has never been disproved. Mr. Allison endeavors to explain, or account for the origin of the "Legend," and realizing that it cannot be done, assures us: "It is idle to seek the origin of such legends for they start in the air, and, like orchids, subsist upon it." Yet he tells us in the very beginning of his notable paper: "It is all founded upon Louis Phillippe's passage, without stop or stay, through Kentucky in April, 1797, and his casual meeting in Havana, Cuba, in the summer of 1787, with a young priest who afterwards became Bishop of Bardstown." Perhaps a closer investigation will disclose that it originated in the actual beneficence of the Prince. The Prince gave and the tradition was launched. At any rate this is the logical place to seek the origin. It did not start in the air, nor was it founded upon the casual meeting of the Prince and the priest. We know, for:—

Bishop Spalding says in his *Life of Flaget*, page 52:

"This act (Flaget's act of kindness) was remembered a long time afterwards, when Louis Phillippe was King of the French, and he, Bishop of Bardstown."

Spalding writes in his sketches, page 247:

"The cathedral was also provided with rich suits of vestments, golden candlesticks, a golden tabernacle and other splendid ornaments presented to the Bishop by the present King and Queen of the French."

We shall now present three historical documents, any one of which is sufficient to convince the reader that Louis Phillippe bestowed gifts upon the Bardstown cathedral.

In the Journal of the House of Representatives, December 30, 1824: Mr. Moore presented a petition of Benedict Joseph Flaget, Bishop of the Roman Apostolical Church, of the Diocese of Bardstown, in the State of Kentucky, praying that the duties chargeable by law on some rich church vestments, and other articles of church furniture, presented to the petitioner by His Grace the Duke of Orleans, at Lyons, France, for the sole use of the church in which he exercises his religious functions, may be remitted.

From Gales and Seaton's Register of Debates in Congress, March 19, 1832: "The bill for the relief of Benedict Joseph Flaget was read for the third time. The bill authorized the remission of duties on certain paintings and church furniture, presented by the King of the French to the Catholic Bishop of Bardstown, Ky."

Extract from speech of Mr. Wickliffe, Representative from Kentucky: "Connected with this institution is the cathedral and church, the residence of Bishop Flaget. The expenditures incident to such an establishment as the two I have named, have been more than equal to the private means and contributions devoted to the purposes of the institution, and its founder has felt, and still feels the consequent embarrassments. These embarrassments have been in some measure relieved by considerable donations of church furniture and college apparatus from persons in Italy and France. The duties on such articles have been remitted heretofore by the liberality of congress. The articles upon which duties have been paid, and which the bill contemplates to refund, consist of paintings and other articles of church furniture, presented some years since by the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French, to the Bishop of Bardstown. He could not refuse to accept the offering; by accepting, however, he had to pay the duties which your revenue laws impose upon articles imported from abroad. These articles would not have been purchased and imported. They are specimens of art and taste, designed as ornaments to the house of public worship."

In Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky, page 245, we find the following: "An organ and two superb paintings, the one representing the crucifixion, and the other, the conversion of William, Duke of Brienne by St. Bernard, were placed in the church. They had been procured from Belgium by the venerable M. Neryneckx and were presented by him to the cathedral. To these paintings were subsequently added several others which had been presented to the Bishop by the King of Naples and the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XII." A footnote is added to the above: "These fine paintings with that of St. Charles

Boremeo were lately removed to Louisville by the Bishop on the transfer of the episcopal see to that city."

Any comment on the recorded evidence here submitted, seems wholly unnecessary. This evidence escaped the careful search of Mr. Allison as there is no reference to it in his paper read before the Filson Club in Louisville. It seems amply sufficient to disprove all his statements, namely: 1, that the "origin otherwise" of all the gifts to the cathedral can be proved. 2, That Louis Philippe gave none of them. 3, That they are *all* to be credited to the loving provision of Father Neryneckx. We must, however, follow the learned author even to the end.

For the sake of clearness, before considering our author's addition to his original paper in the form of a "Postscript to the Louis Phillippe Legend," it may be well to premise, contrary to his statement, that Bishop Spalding did not "recast his first fragmentary sketch of 1844 into the full life of Flaget in 1852 (as Father O'Connell later came to recast the bell a second time)." "The Full Life of Flaget is not a recast, a sort of revised edition of the Sketches. It is an entirely distinct work, not a remoulding of old materials. The Sketches devote perhaps a dozen pages to Bishop Flaget, dealing chiefly with his elevation to the episcopacy and his advent into Kentucky, while the "Full" life is a book of more than five hundred pages, and is concerned solely with the biography of Bishop Flaget. This observation may be useful inasmuch as the distinguished author of the Curious Legend informs us that Spalding, in full life omitted the passage about the gifts as Father O'Connell omitted the inscription on the bell when it was recast. He evidently wishes to convey the impression that Spalding, before he wrote his later work, had come into the possession of a fuller knowledge, had seen the error of his ways, and sought to cure the error made in a previous work by omitting the same error in a later work. We say it with all respect, but a scholar, a gentleman and a Bishop as was Spalding, should have known that while it is comendable to give up sin, yet, that it is necessary in order to obtain absolution, to confess and repent. The scope of Spalding's later work did not demand that he repeat what he had written in an earlier work. It did demand that he retract, if he was guilty of error. This he did not do. Hence Spalding's statements in the Sketches stand.

Recording the incident of the meeting of Flaget with Louis Phillippe in Cuba, and the presentation of a purse to the latter, Spalding remarks: "This act (the Bishop's courtesy) was remembered long afterwards, when Louis Phillippe was King of the French,

and he, Bishop of Bardstown." Mr. Allison takes occasion to observe that "this was exactly the place to record in text, or by footnote, that it was remembered by splendid gifts of pictures, vestments and golden furniture for the Bishop's cathedral." Evidently Spalding judged otherwise for he contents himself with the bare statement that Louis Phillippe remembered the incident. We are not justified in assuming that Spalding was either ignorant of what he was writing about, or that he was writing in sarcasm, gentle or otherwise. Spalding wrote to be understood by his readers. His readers would have been unable to detect the sarcasms, if any lurked within the statement, for the imple reason that it was supposed, if we are to believe our author, to be connected with an incident which Spalding relates a hundred pages later on. The book would have to be read backwards to enable the reader to perceive the sarcasm. He would have to know beforehand of Louis Phillippe's cold reception of the Bishop on a certain occasion. When or how this act of courtesy was remembered we are not told by the biographer of Bishop Flaget, nor do we need to know. In the light of present day knowledge available on the subject, we have no reason to question Bishop Spalding's plain statement of fact, nor to assume that he did not mean just what he said.

We think Mr. Allison was in error when he penned the following paragraph of his Postscript: "Moreover when in the Life he comes to describe the building of the Cathedral of Bardstown, he mentions Father Nerynckx's gift of superb paintings, Father Chabrat's of the bell, and the generosity of contributors, but not a word is said of the alleged gifts of the French King." If we are to understand by the Life, the biography of Bishop Flaget, we are constrained to say that no mention of the aforesaid gifts is made therein. The only mention of the cathedral or of its contents found in the biography is the one sentence: "A fine structure in the Roman-Corinthian style." If he is referring his readers to Spalding's sketches, as we think he is, then we must take exception to the above paragraph. Nowhere is mention made of Chabrat's *gift* of the bell. We would also call attention to the paragraph in the Sketches immediately following the one referred to by Mr. Allison. In this paragraph we find a list of gifts which the author of the Sketches informs us were the gifts of the French King. Hence it is an error to state that "not a word is said of the alleged gifts of the French King."

Mr. Allison questions the competency of the authorities we have introduced. He doubts their accuracy, and their opportunities to know the facts and, therefore, subjects them to rigid examination,

“to determine accuracy or error and the opportunities of witnesses to know the facts.” Bishop Spalding is the first to be called to the witness stand. To summarize briefly, the author of the *Curious Legend* contends that Spalding, prior to writing his *Sketches of Kentucky*, had not come into intimate contact with Bishop Flaget, and that he could not, owing to this want of intimate contact, have known of Louis Phillippe’s benefactions. Ignorant of the truth about the matter, and accepting the prevalent impression as the truth, he wrote accordingly. Later, having come into closer contact with Flaget, he came into possession of the full knowledge of the truth, and consequently, in his later work, *The Life of Bishop Flaget*, omitted all mention of the gifts. Replying to this rather unusual way of reasoning, we might show that the most cordial relations existed between Spalding and Flaget from the beginning of the young priest’s career in Kentucky to the death of the saintly prelate. The relation or contact was akin to that of Father and son. On the one hand there were love, confidence and encouragement; on the other, obedience, reverence and affection. It is not, however, by this contact, whether close or remote, that we are to judge Spalding’s fitness to pronounce upon the benefactions of the Prince of Orleans, or of Spalding’s liability to err in a matter of this kind. Intimate contact, even with those who know, is not a prerequisite for the gathering of data for an historical work, nor for verifying that data. Neither can it be successfully maintained that Bishop Flaget was the sole source from which Spalding could have obtained the information concerning the Prince’s liberality. At the time Spalding wrote, these things were matters of general knowledge. The *dramatis personae* were yet living and on the stage, and it were a simple and easy thing to verify all the facts pertaining to the question. There is no valid reason to suspect Spalding of either ignorance or inaccuracy. That he did not repeat in a later work what he had written in the *Sketches* was due to the fact that there was no need for repetition. Had there been need for correction, it is quite probable that the correction would have been made in the later work.

The paragraph in the Postscript which refers to Bishop Flaget’s journey to Europe (1835-1839) is, to say the least, astonishing. This paragraph deals with Chapter XIII of the *Life of Flaget*. In this chapter the good Bishop’s “associating with archbishops, bishops, mayors, prefects, marquises and counts,” is recorded. Popes, emperors and kings might have been added to this list of notables. The point in the paragraph to which we would call attention is the statement: “The gifts made to him are mentioned. But nowhere does

Louis Phillippe appear." The unsophisticated reader might readily conclude on reading this paragraph that the great pioneer Bishop was deluged with gifts while on this journey through Europe, (and it may be so), and that Spalding mentions them all but forgets our poor king. The fact is but two gifts are mentioned in Chapter XIII: "The Holy Father presented him a full costume of splendid material, and granted him other favors. The Bishop of Angers presented him a superb soutane." That is all. Surely there was no occasion for Spalding to mention in this chapter the gifts received a long time previous from Louis Phillippe, and surely the author of the Curious Legend does not from this omission argue the improbability of Louis Phillippe's ever having given anything to Bishop Flaget.

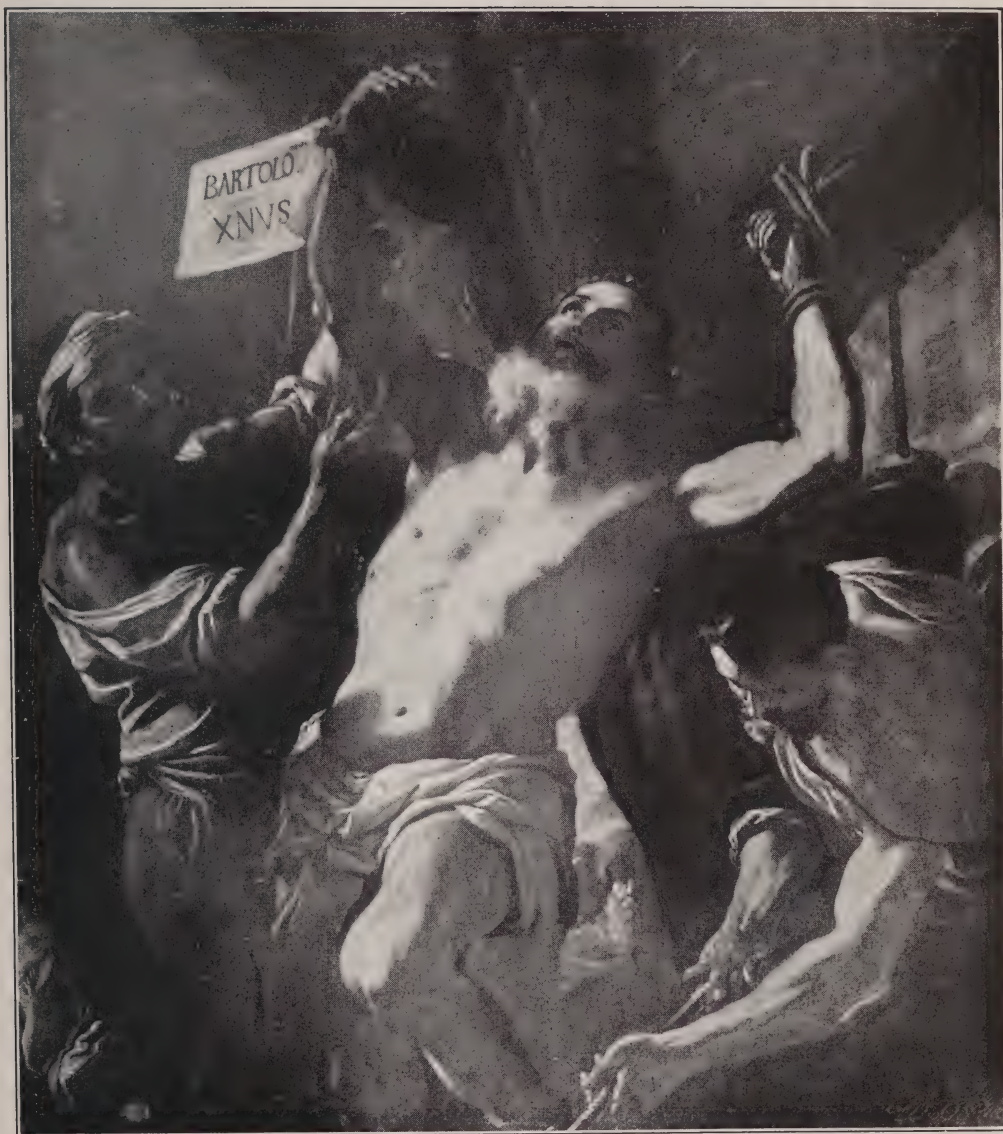
The next witness to be examined, "to determine accuracy or error and the opportunities of witnesses to know the facts," is Mr. Wickliffe, one time representative from Kentucky. Like Spalding, Wickliffe is supposed to be merely a retailer of popular opinion when, in his speech advocating the remission of duties on certain paintings and other things, he declares them to be gifts of "The Duke of Orleans, now King of the French." Mr. Allison maintains that Wickliffe was only voicing in his speech the prevailing impression because he nowhere speaks with authority or quotes Bishop Flaget. Just what the author means in this particular instance by "speaking with authority," it may be difficult to determine. He probably means that Wickliffe was not specially and specifically designated by Flaget, or authorized by him to proclaim before Congress the liberality of the Duke. If we grant this, and grant that he did not quote from Flaget, by what "Laws of Logic" are we justified in the conclusion that Wickliffe did not know what he was talking about? What evidence have we that Wickliffe was the unsuspecting victim of legendary gossip? Wickliffe may stand aside.

We now summon from the dead past Mr. Moore, Representative from Kentucky in 1824. The cathedral was completed and dedicated in 1819. It would seem that even at this early date the "Legend" had already taken root and extended even to the Nation's Capital. We have before us a photostat copy from the "Journal of the House of Representatives," available through the courtesy and kindness of the present representative from Bardstown, the Honorable Ben Johnson. We here submit a facsimile of this photostat copy, diacritics and all: Mr. Moore, of Kentucky, presented a petition of Benedict Joseph Flaget, Bishop of the Roman, Apostolical Church, of the Diocese of Bardstown, in the State of Kentucky, praying that the duties chargeable by law" on some rich church vestments, and other

articles of church furniture," presented to the petitioner by His Grace the Duke of Orleans, at Lyons, in France, for the sole use of the church in which he exercises his religious functions may be remitted; which petition was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. The author of the Curious Legend comments as follows on this entry in the House Journal: "The entry by the clerk, judging by the use of quotation marks, is evidently a rendering of the remarks made by Mr. Moore upon introducing the bill. The original bill had not been found by the clerk of the house. In the printed copy there is no mention of any donors. It is considered doubtful if any written petitions were filed. Requests and motions were considered and spoken of as petitions." If we understand these comments correctly the author of the Curious Legend wishes his readers to infer that the remarks of Mr. Moore do not express the mind of Bishop Flaget. The quotation marks referred to are presumably the inverted commas enclosing the words "on some rich church vestments and other articles of church furniture" as these are the only quotation marks that photostat copy reveals. We assume that not these words only, but the entire entry, are to be regarded as the remarks of Mr. Moore, which would include the words, presented to the petitioner by His Grace, the Duke of Orleans. Mr. Moore, therefore, states that these things were presented by Louis Phillippe. But "In the printed copy there is no mention of donors." In the printed copy of what? We presume, of the bill. What of it? Congressional bills are generally restricted to what is essential. The essential thing of the bill in question was the remission of duties on certain articles of church furniture. The names of the donor of this church furniture was only incidental. It could, therefore, be well omitted from the bill introduced by Mr. Marvin. It would be interesting to know how Mr. Moore acquired the information that these articles of church furniture, etc., were donated by the Duke of Orleans. We also may be permitted to wonder why Bishop Flaget did not deny these repeated statements made in the Congressional halls and elsewhere, attributing to Louis Phillippe's beneficence beautiful paintings, rich church vestments and other things. It is very probable that he read the Sketches written by Bishop Spalding, and we are amazed that he did not demand the correction of so many erroneous statements. It surely could not be that the good Bishop Flaget suffered false pretenses in order to further his petition for the remission of duties. Why did he not correct these Representatives in Congress? Why did he permit false statements to go unprotected?



IN OLD CATHEDRAL, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY



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In the paper we are reviewing occurs the remark: "In the comprehensive Catholic Encyclopedia no article remotely concerning the Diocese of Bardstown or its successor mentions his (Louis Pihl-lippe's) name." It does not occasion great wonder that the name of Louis Phillippe is not mentioned biographically or otherwise, but it does beget a little surprise, to find that Bardstown, the great Mother See, does not receive more attention. "Bardstown, see Louisville," so the story in the Catholic Encyclopedia begins. Other churches and institutions of the Diocese are found in all their pictured glory in the pages of the Encyclopedia, but St. Joseph, the cathedral built in the forest primeval, the cathedral which saw the planting of the mustard seed, the cathedral which stands today an architectural masterpiece, a beautiful monument to the sublime faith, to the holy ambition, to the heroic zeal of pioneer bishop, clergy and people, fails to find a place in the Catholic Encyclopedia's illustrated history of the rise and progress of the faith in Kentucky. Bishop Flaget, in a letter addressed to the Bishop of Quebec tells of the beginning of this noble and notable structure. He tells of the laying of the corner-stone, which, was at the same time, the laying of the corner-stone of all the great churches of the South, the West and the North-west.

Loretto Monastery, (Ky) 1816.

To the Bishop of Quebec.
Monseigneur;

Poor though I be, my aspirations are very high; for in a few weeks I am going to Bardstown, with all the ecclesiastics I can gather, to lay the corner-stone of my cathedral. This cathedral is to be a hundred and twenty feet long, that is, thirty for the sanctuary, ninety for the nave, and sixty feet in width. The foundations are to be of stone resting upon rock; the remainder of the building to be of brick. The style is to be gothic throughout. The builder, who is a very good Catholic, believes that it will cost from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars to finish the interior—a prodigious sum, which assuredly will never be found in the treasury of the Bishop of Kentucky, but rather in the inexhaustible riches of divine Providence. Such being my belief, I trust that you, Monseigneur, and your clergy will be the instruments of Providence and procure for me whatever assistance you can to aid me in erecting this pious monument, the first of its kind in this vast territory, and one which will give to the Catholic religion a character of respectability and stability proof against storms and tempests. The Protestants of Bardstown and its vicinity have so urged me to undertake this work that I should have considered myself guilty of sin had I not acceded to their solicitations; they subscribed, almost entirely amongst themselves, nearly ten thousand dollars, and I hope to get four or five thousand more in the country, but the remainder must come from the well-disposed and

charitable of other places and other religions. Assist me, Monseigneur, in this pious undertaking and whilst thus serving the cause of religion you will in a very special manner oblige him who has the honor to be with the most profound respect your humble and obedient servant,

BENEDICT JOSEPH,
Bp. of Bardstown.

In connection with the above very interesting letter we take the liberty of inserting an extract from an article written nearly thirty years ago for the *Sacred Heart Messenger*, by the well known Jesuit writer, Father Spalding, who grew up in the shadow and under the inspiration of the old cathedral, is both interesting and charming:

"A traveler from Charleston, S. C., found himself in the solitary aisles of a great cathedral, a thousand miles west of the Atlantic seaboard. On every side of him rose massive columns with varied flutings and leafy canopy; great arches stretched overhead, and on the snowy ceiling were wrought every form of magic tracery and fantastic arabesque; yet the temple was not the handiwork of man. Its columns were of stately trees, and its arches of snow-laden branches. Like the fanes of ancient heathendom it offered no solace to the traveler's heart; so he pressed on from its chilly naves to another temple where dwelt the living God whom he had come to adore on Christmas day. As he emerged from the forest in central Kentucky there loomed up before him the place towards which he journeyed. Only a part of it was visible, the slender spire and cross which crowned it standing out distinctly against the darkened horizon. It was the old cathedral of Bardstown; and to it the stranger was going to witness the impressive ceremonies of Christmas, the beauty and glory of which had not only reached the Eastern States, but had been described in France and other countries of Europe.

"The cathedral soon disappeared from sight, and he again became entangled in the winding paths of the forest. He was in a wilderness. To the south and west and north the forest stretched out unbroken and interminable; while to the east, as far as the rugged range of Allegheny Mountains, more than five hundred miles away, though many a giant tree had fallen before the axe of the frontiersman, still the sparse settlements, scattered over so large a territory had little more than scarred the vast timbered region. During many months of journeying from the Atlantic the traveler had seen but few buildings larger than the cabin of the frontier settler. Great was his surprise, then, to find himself before a spacious cathedral, one of the few imposing structures west of the Alleghenies. Had the little town where the new cathedral had been built stood on the shores of the great lakes, or on a navigable river communicating with the cities of the east, the surprise would have been less; but no such advantages of location were enjoyed by Bardstown, at whose eastern extremity stood the St. Joseph's Cathedral. It was an isolated town, about forty miles south of Louisville, then a struggling village on the banks of the Ohio.

“Just why Bardstown should have been chosen for a settlement is now an enigma. Perhaps the cool springs which gushed out from the limestone cliff enticed the first settlers to build their log cabins nearby; perhaps the cave like a mighty rampart, offered shelter and protection from the Indians. Even today one of the streets of the little town runs sheer over the impending bluff leading to the spring below. There were other springs in abundance which fed a small stream and afforded water power for a grist mill. Later on in its history it boasted the title of the “Athens of the West.” It had a college and three academies. Two papers were published there, *The Minerva* and the *Catholic Advocate*. The ablest lawyers pleaded at its bar and John Fitch, the forerunner of Fulton in the invention of the steamboat, was one of its distinguished citizens. While visiting, a guest of the old Kentucky home of John Rowan, that writer of popular songs, Foster, composed the familiar, “My Old Kentucky Home.”

Such was Bardstown, which despite its isolated position thrived and prospered for more than a half century. It became the nucleus around which centered the Catholic settlements of the West. To Bardstown Bishop Carroll looked when, in 1808, he proposed to erect a See for the vast stretch of country west of the Alleghenies. New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Bardstown, each was chosen as a site for a future bishopric. What an honor for the little town. How changed since the days of its exaltation. It has remained but a small town. Still it was great in its time, and held under its episcopal sway the extensive territory from the Alleghenies to the far rolling prairies beyond the Mississippi. Its glory has long since departed, but the old cathedral which it erected in its prime, still stands, a beautiful and historic monument. Every year thousands of tourists visit the old cathedral, now St. Joseph's Church, to view the beautiful paintings which hang upon its walls. These paintings were the gifts of kings.

We shall ask the reader to join us in spirit and to witness what the visitor saw in the old cathedral of Bardstown, on that Christmas day, more than a hundred years ago. The account was published in the *South Carolina Miscellany*, in 1824. “The crowds I found around the church, at one o'clock at night, gave me an anticipated idea of the greatness of the solemnity. Scarcely had the doors been opened at half past two, when every pew and seat and place were occupied. The singing of the church delighted me, and the view of the clergy in choir dress, together with the brilliancy of the illuminations perfectly made present to my mind the night when the angels, surrounded with heavenly splendor, sang the joyous hymns of peace to men and glory to God. You will certainly imagine that I exag-

gerate, but I pledge you my honor I was never transported out of myself as on that occasion. The three lustres that hang from the ceiling, the two placed at the extremities of the high altar, the four candles in the form of semicircle burning in the space between the crucifix and the wall, the two triangular rows of lights on each side of the altar, the triple semicircular row on each window, with candles around the windows and the other parts of the church, diffused throughout the building the greatest splendor. The Bishop's chair assumed a new appearance, conformable to the general magnificence of the festival. A purple canopy with some other ornaments served to render it worthy of the august personage that filled it. On the opposite side sat his coadjutor who officiated dressed in sacred robes which, I think, could scarcely be equaled by any this side of the Atlantic. The solemn rites of the Holy Sacrifice performed with the air of the most unfeigned piety; the accompaniment of a large organ to the numerous choir that sang the divine praises; the zealous discourse of the college president; and above all the vast number of communicants, perhaps not less than two hundred at the first Mass, together with the illuminations, concourse and other particulars already mentioned, produced in me the most extraordinary sensations. I believe that in few churches could I have witnessed the beautiful ceremonies that I witnessed that Christmas morning in that backwoods cathedral."

With this little digression we come back to the Postscript to the Louis Phillippe Legend for a concluding word. This paper is intended in no sense as an apology for Louis Phillippe. If the author of the Curious Legend chooses to regard him as one who never gave anything to anybody, we shall not object. The historic facts seem, however to be against a conclusion so extreme. Prescinding from the gifts to Bishop Flaget and to the Bardstown cathedral, history is witness that Louis Phillippe has given "something to somebody," nor is it necessary to dig down into the "musty depths of the Egyptian tombs" to find evidence of these gifts. The musty files of contemporary newspapers suffice for the purpose. The Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, under date May 6, 1847 tells of a gift of Louis Phillippe to St. Xavier's College of that city. "In the year 1846 a petition was addressed to the Queen of France, requesting some ornament for the sodalists' chapel of St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati. The reply to this request came in the form of a painting of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, out of the King's private gallery, and reached the President of the College, Father Elet, in March. The canvas, nine by four, contains twenty-four figures, and

at the bottom on the richly gilt frame is the following inscription: "*Donne par le Roi en 1846.*" This painting still adorns the chapel of St. Xavier's High School. Mr. Allison thinks that the Queen was the real donor on this occasion. If so, one can only hope that His Majesty did not discover the absence of the missing picture because of the pointed and unpleasant questioning to which the custodian of the King's private gallery would have undoubtedly been subjected.

Traces of Louis Phillippe's generosity and liberality are sometimes found in most unexpected places. Reading a volume the other day, written by a former professor, we chanced upon the following: "A chapel built by Louis Phillippe of France, and a more recently erected convent now crowning the hill of Byrsa, are about to receive additions, alike extensive and monumental, and may, perhaps, form the nucleus of a modern Carthage." (Vuibert's Ancient History, P. 440.) This little item found in ancient history, is confirmed by a more recent work, The Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. 11, under "Bourgade": "He (Bourgade) was put in charge of the chapel which Louis Phillippe (1830-48) had erected on the spot where St. Louis died etc." Abbott, the biographer of Louis Phillippe writes in his "History of Louis Phillippe," P. 165: "During his exile in England at his palace, he devoted his time to the administration of his sumptuous household. His mansion was thronged with distinguished guests—he gave so much help to the exiled nobility of France, that it required a special bureau to examine the claims of those to whom he disbursed bounty."

Not only Louis Phillippe and the Queen, but the children were patrons of art and music. Artists and musicians were welcome at his palace. He found time to listen to a new organ in a church, and to give a special gift to a subject who saluted him graciously on the street. (See "An Englishman in Paris" Vol. 11, P. 1p.)

We have followed the distinguished author of "The Curious Legend of Louis Phillippe in Kentucky" and of the "Postscript to the Louis Phillippe Legend," even to the end, and it does not appear that he has cited a single historic record, or proffered a single valid reason that militates against the accepted tradition that Louis Phillippe was a benefactor of the Bardstown cathedral.

This discussion may seem to be "much ado about nothing"; Louis Phillippe's generosity towards the old cathedral is, however, a fact, though of such diminutive importance that the chronicles of the early missionary days of the church in Kentucky, almost failed to note it. The learned author of the Curious Legend has, in a measure, become

a benefactor to the history of the church in Kentucky, in that he has caused to be collated the meager but unquestionable evidence of the fact. He threatens, however, to precipitate a new tradition, a tradition false and erroneous, namely, that all the treasures of the old cathedral are due to the loving prevision of Father Nerynckx. It becomes necessary to reaffirm and reestablish the old truth, hallowed by the traditions of a century, lest error usurp the place of truth, and fancy supersede fact.

It is not pleasant to controvert the views and opinions of one who has spoken so well and kindly of things and persons Catholic. Like our courteous opponent, we would not rob the missionary of his glory to exalt the King, for we love the apostles of Kentucky for what they were and what they did. We cherish the relics of the olden days, mute witnesses to the sowing of the seeds of faith in Kentucky soil. First and foremost of these relics is the cathedral, which still stands in all the vigor and freshness of youth. We value the paintings, not because they are gifts of kings, but because they are works of art, of art whose theme is Christian, picturing to us, as they do, love in its highest manifestation, courage and zeal, inspiration and penitence and eternal glory. We value them because they speak to us of the past and recall to our minds the lofty ambitions, the labors and the ideals of the apostles of Kentucky. For these men even the works of the master artists were not too good for the church in the wilderness. They sought not their own, but the glory of him whose tabernacle is with men, even within the consecrated walls of this cathedral.

Bardstown, Kentucky

W. D. PIKE

AMONG THE INDIAN CHIEFS AT THE GREAT MIAMI

In 1786 there was a growing state of uneasiness among the western settlers that the invasions, robberies, murders and other crimes, perpetrated by the Indians of different tribes would break up their homesteads or bring about a general war with the savages—a war, if necessary, of extermination, for exasperation was at its height among these frontiersmen. As the attacks became more frequent, the Commissioners of Indian Affairs for the United States Government and also officers from the adjoining states, each within his own jurisdiction made expeditions of investigation to find out conditions as they really existed in the settlements.

At this time the western part of New York state was still considered as in the depths of the wilderness; the Ohio boundary lands were dense forests primeval; the principal highways thither were the great rivers and their tributaries; and then came the secluded and winding trails to the great fertile prairies beyond.

Into that country shrouded with awful mystery and blood-stirring adventure the children of destiny and of the nation's future greatness were soon to be cast. The rolling back of the dismal curtain showed scene after scene of savagery and blood-thirstiness comparable in some instances to the worst conflicts of the ages of discovery and exploration. Every step westward was only won after fierce struggles, much toil, continual sacrifices and discouragements. To make matters worse the English border ruffians unmindful of their recent treaty obligations incited the Indians to continual acts of hostility and treachery. These disturbers sometimes disguised themselves with feathers and war paint to aid the native tribes. A cruel and merciless bloodshed resulted. "Men went out in the morning to plough and in the evening were found dead in the furrow."

The savages were frequently ambushed along the wooded shores of the waterways and many prospective settlers became the victims of their horrible barbarities and frightful butcheries. Indian Rock near Portsmouth on the Ohio river was a sort of look-out place where boats could be spied for miles as they descended the stream and here the natives enticed the unsuspecting whites arriving at this point. That spot became the ground for wholesale and cold-blooded slaughter; and after these atrocious murders of entire families had been committed, the boat-loads of corpses were sent adrift to tell the ghastly story to the neighboring settlements, to spread consternation and

dismay everywhere on the frontier. Judge Harry Innes in a letter to the Secretary of War in 1790 stated that during seven years the Indians had killed or captured fifteen hundred persons and he estimated the number of stolen horses to be more than twenty thousand.

An officer of distinction writing a letter to a gentleman in Carlisle, dated "Bank of the Ohio, above the Big Konhaway, 12th of October, 1785," gives the following particulars:

"I take this opportunity to inform you that I have got this far without any manner of accident or even a sick man, notwithstanding the low state of the river, which had frequently kept them in the water and carried me a tedious voyage. I have met several people on the river who give different accounts of matters; some are very much frightened and tell amazing stories; others, less so, contradicted these; however I believe the fact is, that the Indians frequently steal the people's horses, and sometimes kill people which, I fear, will be the case till we are more their masters by possessing the western posts. This opinion is so much your own, that little is requisite to be said on it. I find this treaty will be of greater consequence than any yet concluded. I expect it to be transacted in the presence of a great number of the principal people of the lower country, and with a very large collection of Indians, and that any decisions or determinations, will be succeeded with strict punctuality, as the Indians stand in some awe of these people, who will be witnesses of all that will be done, so that ignorance can be no excuse or will break of treaty be suffered from these premises. I have great hope that the business will be attended with most happy and beneficial consequences to our country in general.

"I am greatly surprised at the progress which government has made in the western world. They are beginning to be of consequence not only to the states to which they belong, but to the confederation at large; they will certainly in a short time, rival the old, or Atlantic part of the states in some of the principal articles of export.

"The division line of the state of Pennsylvania and the United States, the work of the great Rittenhouse, is a monument, not only to his abilities, as a mathematician, but his perseverance and industry as a great and good public servant, it is also a measure of great wisdom in the state, as it fixed their boundary and jurisdiction determinately, and transmits it without equivocation to posterity. His exactness is beyond my idea of these things."

About the same time, Oct. 13, 1785, a letter from Fort Pitt to a gentleman in Middletown indicates the movement of troops to the West:

"We marched from West-Point the 7th of September with a full company of seventy men, completely equipped with arms, clothing, and camp equipage. The clothing was very good, the coats excepted, which are coarse. We arrived at this post yesterday, after a march

of thirty-six days, with as little troubles as could be expected on so long a march, and with recruits.

“The company is healthy and in good spirits except two men, who were left upon the road, by reason of their sickness. Eight deserted from us during our march, and we were so unfortunate as to retake none of them. We shall remain at this post but one or two days. Colonel Harmer met us five days before our arrival on his route to New York. He informs us that our destination is down the river Ohio, as far as Muskingum, which is one hundred and seventy miles distant, where we are to build a stockade fort to prevent our being insulted by the Indians, and huts for the winter. Major Doughty, with a company of New York troops, is now at Fort McIntosh, waiting our arrival, when we shall go down the river together. Major Hamtrach was at West-Point when we departed, with a company nearly complete, and expected to march on in a few days. Colonel Harmer expects to send on two companies more from the state of Pennsylvania this fall. One company that has re-enlisted from the year’s men, has gone down to the Miami with commissioners, upon the treaty. The whole force here will then consist of six companies. Colonel Harmer will exert himself to have a respectable garrison in the Indian country this winter. We flatter ourselves we shall spend the winter, very agreeably, as it is excellent hunting and fishing where we are to quarter. The commissioners departed from Fort McIntosh the 20th ult. to go down to the treaty. The surveyors are some of them at this place. We had the pleasure to meet Colonel Sherman here, who has been down the Ohio about forty miles. Captain Hutchins with some of the surveyors began to run the east and west line; but have not proceeded more than three miles,—they apprehend it unsafe at present.—The surveyor general is determined not to proceed till he has the protection of some of the Indian chiefs; for which he has sent a messenger among them, who has not yet returned.—If this measure is unattended with success, he will set off instantly for Congress.

“There is a Delaware warrior detained a prisoner in this fort, who, in a frolic here some months since, killed two men and wounded two more. His trial comes on next week, and it is not doubted but he will be sentenced to suffer death; he is one of the principal warriors of his nation, and occasioned us much mischief in the late war.

“I must just mention the agreeable surprise I met with today. We happened to arrive here the day before a grand horse-racing was to take place, and continue for three days and instead of being in an uninhabited country, I found myself one among a thousand spectators, and principally from the country adjacent.

“Pittsburgh is very pleasantly situated, and consists of upwards of a hundred buildings near the fort. Here are goods in the greatest plenty; but they bear a high price. Provisions are remarkably cheap; flour is at two dollars per cwt. and beef at twenty shillings; venison is sold for a copper per pound.”

The inactivity of the government to aid effectively those sent out by Congress to survey the western country met with severe criticism by settlers, judging from a letter received in New York dated December 1785. The information is as follows:

"I suppose that by this time the gentlemen who was sent out by Congress to survey this country and lay it out into townships have got back to New York and made their report to Congress.

"Little has been done; nor was the prospect of success great. Mr. Hutchins came out too late in the season to make any considerable progress, had he found the Indians no way hostile.

"I think there must be some delegates in Congress who are well acquainted with the nature of the Indians, or of the country they have purchased from them. The supposition that the Indians would consider themselves bound by the contract which they had made with commissioners at Fort McIntosh, was almost groundless. The several tribes of Indians scattered over the territories of the United States, too, are not organized into political bodies in such a manner as to render the same obligatory on the whole tribe to which they belong. It is true, they have among them those they call their chiefs and warriors; but these possess no more the rights of sovereignty over their tribes, than the principal leaders of a mob do over their followers; in either case, while their demagogues conduct their designs agreeable to the wishes of those they lead, they will support their influence; but the moment the crowd, or even an individual, forms a wish to pursue other measures, there is no law or constitution whereby to restrain, or power to punish an infraction;—of this the Wolf lately gave demonstration to the party with Colonel Lewis. The Indians are hardly one removed from a state of nature, politically considered;—there is no such thing among them as natural justice. What security then can Congress expect to derive from their compacts, especially while the British remain their commentators? The history of all the Indian wars, from the time of the first Christian setting foot in North America to the present day, has been one continued series of Indian treachery, perfidy, and falsehood: no treaty has ever bound them, no present has ever bought them to be friendly and just, one day longer than they believed it in their interest to be so: fear alone can restrain their conduct, or reduce them to reason. Why then should Congress raise their hopes on the success of the treaties from which nothing permanent can be expected? Who ever thought of trusting bears and wolves one yard beyond the length of their chain?

"The commissioners now at Miami may treat with, and make presents, to the Indians; and the Indians such as design to attend the treaty, in their turn will promise and make cessions of all the land that is asked to them. This they expect as matter of course when they set out from their castles, otherwise they do not attend at a treaty. But does it follow, or can the most credulous believe, that Mr. Hutchins and his surveyors, in consequence of the treaty, may return into this country next spring, and prosecute their business undisturbed? I think not: unless they are escorted by a military

force, they will again most assuredly be disappointed. The case then seems to be reduced to the alternative, that the United States must either keep up such a force against the savages as will awe them to peace and faith, or abandon their views of selling and surveying the federal lands, on the northwest side of the Ohio river; but what system will be the most eligible to adopt in order to effect this force, and give a tone to our treaties, requires some consideration.

“We have heard in these parts, that the inhabitants settled on the Kaskaskies, in the Illinois country, have made application to Congress, praying that honorable body to give them a system of government: and it is hoped Congress will pay attention to their petition. This will be forming a very good flank of several hundred militia on our left wing, as we advance into the Indian country. The people settled on the Wabash river, at Post Vincent will make a very considerable addition to the militia of Kaskaskies; these, properly seconded by emigrants suffered by Congress to go from the Atlantic States, and settle on a line or range of country from southwest shores of Lake Erie, so as to close upon the head waters of the Wabash, and form a chain of settlements from the waters of St. Lawrence to the Mississippi; this range of settlements again, reinforced by a few hundred soldiers, in actual pay of the United States, properly disposed along the country in stockaded forts, and the whole put under the command of a governor of equal prudence and ability to the importance of his trust, will at once form a barrier, against the savages, and cover all the country to the east, and southeast of this chain, or range of settlements; then, and I fear never till then, will the surveyors be able to perform their business.

“Numbers in these parts are very impatient to become adventurers in some form or other; and they are restrained from bursting into federal lands, by their love and attachment to the United States, who have preëmtorily forbid an intrusion. They stand here as it were on tip-toe to be gone; nor could the whole host of savages, clothed in horror’s form, delay them one month, should Congress give them leave.

“And here much might be said, with regard to the ordinance of Congress, of the 20th of May last; directing the federal lands to be surveyed from Lake Erie to the Ohio River.—Much of the country is rough, and will be extremely difficult to survey: Nor can the surveyors do it for the rewards allowed them; but even that is sinking much of the land, by the expense of surveying in the first instance.—Some of the lands will not sell in a century; yet there is two dollars a mile advance in expense; with interest thereon in a compound ratio, until they do sell. And such lands as are inviting cannot be had, but by such a circumrotation in the business as is exceedingly discouraging. To say nothing of the price you have first to view the lot, or township, and obtain the number and quality, for none will buy land uninformed; then to trace that number out at the board of treasury, perhaps you will have to pursue it to New Hampshire or Georgia, and there wait long before the number you are in pursuit of will be exposed at vendue; and after all it may be bid out of your hands, and

the whole of your designs blasted at a great expense. This perhaps may be all right, but I profess that I do not see the propriety of it. If it be true, that the United States are indebted: that they wish to pay their debts; and that the federal lands are the only property of which they are possessed, without descending to the necessity of asking from, and the possibility of being denied by an individual state, supplies in some other way; and that they wish to sell those lands for the purpose of paying their debts—then it is passing strange to me, that gentlemen, wise as those who form the sovereignty of the United States, should not do as has been done by those who seek a market, in all ages and in all countries—court the buyer, by spreading the tempting wares in his way, and making such terms as are easy and agreeable.”

The treaty became the all absorbing issue of the settlers as the days drew near for the meeting with the Indians at the Miami. After considerable deliberation with the chiefs of the various nations the commissioners achieved the following results, a treaty with the Shawanese and separate agreements with the Indians of the South, especially with the Cherokees, Chicasaws, and Choctaws. The provisions for peace with Shawanoe Nation are as follows:

“Ordered, that the said treaties be entered on the journal of Congress. Articles of a Treaty concluded at the mouth of the Great Miami on the northwestern bank of the Ohio, the thirty-first of January, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six between the Commissioners Plenipotentiaries of the United States of America, of the one part, and the Chiefs and Warriors of the Shawanoe Nation of the other part.

“Article 1. These hostages shall be immediately delivered to the Commissioners, to remain in the possession of the United States, until all the prisoners, white and black, taken in the late war from among the free citizens of the United States, by the Shawanoe Nation or by any other Indian or Indians residing in their towns, shall be restored.

“Art. 2. The Shawanoe Nation, do acknowledge the United States to be the sole and absolute sovereigns of all the territory ceded to them by a treaty or peace, made between them and the King of Great Britain the fourteenth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

“Art. 3. If any Indian or Indians of the Shawanoe Nation, or any other Indian or Indians residing in their towns, shall commit murder or robbery on, or do any injury to the citizens of the United States, to be punished according to the ordinances of Congress; and in like manner any citizen of the United States who shall do an injury to any Indian of the Shawanoe Nation, or to any other Indian or Indians residing in their towns, and under their protection, shall be punished according to the laws of the United States.

“Art. 4. The Shawanoe Nation having knowledge of the intention of any nation or body of Indians to make war on the citizens of the

United States, or of their counselling together for that purpose, and neglecting to give information thereof to the commanding officer of the nearest post of the United States, shall be considered as parties in such war, and be punished accordingly: and the United States shall in like manner inform the Shawanoes of any injury designed against them.

“Art. 5. The United States do not allot to the Shawanoe Nation, lands within their territory to live and to hunt upon, beginning at the south line of the lands allotted to the Wiandots and Delaware Nations, at the place where the main branch of the great Miami which falls into the Ohio intersects said line—then down the River Miami to the fork of the river, next below the fort which was taken by the French in 1752; then due west to the River de la Panse; then down that river to the River Wabash beyond which lines, none of the citizens of the United States shall settle, nor disturb the Shawanoes in their settlements and possessions and the Shawanoes do relinquish to the United States, all title, or pretense of title they ever had to the lands east, west, and south of the east, west, and south lines before described.

“Art. 7. If any citizen or citizens of the United States shall presume to settle upon the lands allotted to the Shawanoes by the treaty, he or they shall be put out of the protection of the United States.

“In Testimony whereof the Parties hereunto have fixed their hands and seals, the day and year first above mentioned.

“(Signed) G. R. Clarke, Richard Butler, Sam. H. Parsons, Aweecony, Kakawipilathy, Malunthy, Musquaconocah, Meonymseeah, Waupaucowela, Nihipewa, Nihineefficoe.

“Attest: Alexander Campbell, Sec. to Commissioners.

“Witnesses: William Finney, maj. B. B., Thos. Doyle, capt. B. B., Nathan McDowell, ens., John Saffinger, Henry Covy, Cagy Galloway (his X mark), John Boggs and others.”

In spite of these solemn agreements there seemed to be mutual feelings of mistrust. Hardly had the document been signed when crimes and disorders were again reported. A letter from an officer at Fort Harmer, at the mouth of the Muskingum on the Ohio, dated Feb. 8, 1786 states:

“The treaty which is still holding with the Indians at the Miami, is the chief topic among us at present. Till that is over we shall not be able to determine what the general disposition of the Indians will be toward us. It is certain that war has been in contemplation among them, and that they have been exceedingly backward in coming to the treaty. There are two Indians now with us at the Fort who were sent express from the treaty; by them we have letters from General Parsons and the other Commissioners. They mention that appearances were rather more favorable; four tribes of Indians had already come in, and they knew of nothing which would prevent a

favorable issue, unless it should be the fault of some white people whose interest it would be to have an Indian war, and were using their influence to bring on one.

"The Commissioners have given us a caution to be on the lookout; for a party of Indians who call themselves Cherokees, has positively refused to make peace, and had actually gone out to war.

"The Indians have not been in to trade with us as yet; but we impute it to their being so busily employed in hunting,—we soon expect plenty of them in to trade,—there is a trader at this post with plenty of goods, etc.

"Our Fort is very commodious and completely furnished—the gates are all shut at night, and we rest secure. If no hostilities should commence we shall have an agreeable tour in this part of the world. Our living is exceedingly good, and I never enjoyed a better state of health."

During the month of March Generals Parsons and Butler, two of the Commissioners, reached Carlisle after a tedious and difficult passage of thirty-four days, between the big Miami and Fort Pitt, and six days from thence to this place. Their report was published by the newspapers under date of March 29, 1786.

"We are authorized to inform the public that they have concluded a treaty of peace with Shawanoe nation of Indians, from whom they have received hostages for the delivery of all their prisoners, white and black, which have been taken by that nation during the great war; also they have renewed the treaties concluded 1785 with the Wiandots and Delawares, and settled some matters of great public utility between the United States, and all those nations, respecting the boundaries and the surveying of the lands; of which events one of the Commissioners has proceeded to inform Congress; and that matters wear a pleasing aspect on the frontier, notwithstanding the machinations of a neighboring power, who still endeavors to keep up the jealousy of the Indians against the people of the United States, by personal insinuations, and the assistance of base emissaries in their towns and on our frontier."

On March 30th the following speech was delivered in the Court-house at Carlisle, in the presence of a number of respectable inhabitants, by a principal Seneca chief who arrived the 28th of March with five other young men of his nation. Captain O'Bail, the Chief, addressed himself thus to General Butler, on that occasion:

"Brother, the Representative of the Thirteen Fires (United States) and all present, I desire you to listen! Yesterday you heard my words—I told you my mind upon some subjects; but I promised to unbosom myself fully to you today. This island was once mine. The ground upon which we now stand, formerly belonged to my people. Harken to my words, brothers, for I am now about to di-

vulge to you the cause of my distress, the cause of the uneasiness which I told you hung heavy upon my mind.

"Brother, I have heard from the British, that you have concluded a treaty with the nations westward;—although I was so informed—yet my mind could not be quieted—I therefore came, among other things to satisfy myself of what has been done between you and those nations.

"Brother, listen! Although I joined the arms of the Great King (alluding to the King of England) and assisted him in his war against you, I have now relinquished all connection with him—I am not afraid of him, or of what he can do to me.

"Brother, if you remember—in the old Councils the Great King told us that the French had relinquished all their claims to this country to him. Perhaps, the writings by which they did that still remain in your possession—those writings—I am desirous of seeing.

"Brother, my people were the old inhabitants of this island. It becomes us both to join our endeavors to prevent injuries from befalling it — to ward off the disturbances which promise, before long, to distress us, our women — and our little ones. As for me, my life is short — 'tis already sold to the Great King (meaning that measures are taken by the British officers to have him destroyed). Let us unite our strength, that we may be strong. Let us live in friendship, that we may be able to prevent all people from doing us an injury.

"Brother, once more hearken to me! I fear I tire your patience;—but as the business upon which we have met is good—listen to me patiently while I declare to you all my sentiments.

"I wish to see what has been done with the other nations to the West—that everything may be clear to us. The Great Spirit above directs us!—And I am sure that whatever is said or done is good and right. But let us, Brother, implore His assistance.—Let us be tied together in friendship.—Encircle us within yourselves—that none may dare to provoke either of us, or to offer insult or injury to either party."

Agreeably to O'Bail's desire the Definitive Treaty of Peace with Great Britain;—that article of Treaty of Alliance with France, which contains a renunciation of all claims to the country, within the limits of the United States, as described, in the Definitive Treaty aforesaid; the Treaty at Fort McIntosh with Wiandots, Delawares, Ottawas and Chippawas; and that at the Miami with the Shawanoe nations was produced. Whereupon General Butler addressed O'Bail in answer to his speech as follows:

"Brother, it is with happiness I hear the sentiments which you have expressed—As to the information which you desired, I shall give it to you with satisfaction, and as full as it may be in my power.

“What you mention of this country having belonged to your people, is unnecessary for us to go into an examination or explanation of; those matters were settled by and between our forefathers in a friendly manner, before we were born—but with respect to the means by which the United States are become the sovereigns and owners of this country, I will now inform you. Twenty and more years ago, the King of England and the King of France went to war about the right to this territory, and after they had fought a long time, a treaty of peace was concluded between these two powers, by which the King of France ceded his right to this country to the King of England—Twelve years ago, when the King of England made war on the Thirteen Fires (United States), the King of France, willing to show friendship to the United States, joined their arms against him, and took them by the hand as brothers, and relinquished to them all the claim he ever had to this country.—The United States having conquered the British King, he ceded to them all the territory which we have described to you in the definitive treaty of peace concluded between Great Britain and the United States, which we read to you at fort Stanwix, which I now hold in my hand, and will again explain to you here, if you desire it.

“When we thus, by the prowess of our arms, became possessed of all these lands, no people within our boundaries had any right; yet the United States commiserated the situation of the Indians; and instead of driving them beyond the Great Lakes from their old place of habitation they offered them place, friendship and protection, and lands for themselves, and their families to live and hunt on.

“In return for this clemency, they only require on the part of the Indians, a strict adherence to their engagements. They have settled boundary lines between the United States, the Wiandots, Delawares, Ottawas and Chippawas, by a treaty at Fort McIntosh, and Shawane Nation by the treaty at the Miami river, which we have lately concluded.—They have proffered the same kindness to all the other nations, whose acceptance, we doubt not, will take place as soon as they will be able to dispel the clouds of delusion which hang over them—and to see their true interest. I promise you that whilst there is honor or faith in the United States, the engagements which have, or hereafter may be entered into with the Indian nations, will be mostly punctually complied with. In testimony of what I have mentioned to you, I here produce to you the papers, which record the transactions which have taken place between the United States, yours, and other nations.

“It shall be our constant endeavor to preserve a friendly intercourse between your nations and the Thirteen Fires, so long as they preserve their faith with us. I approve of your going on to Congress, as I think the measure argues the goodness of your intentions and shows us that you are sincere.”

O’Bail again replied:

“Brother I yesterday told you of the trouble which oppressed me—I feel myself as just awakening from a dream—for I begin to

consider the future lot of my little ones and reflect with anger on the deceptions practised on us by the Great King over the water. I assisted him, fought his battles—whilst he sat quietly in his forts—nor did I ever suspect that so great a person—and one *who wore a red coat*—sufficient of itself to tempt people, could be guilty of such palpable injustice—of such glaring falsehood,—My reason for telling you that this island would soon be disturbed is, that I am determined to avenge the injuries which I and my people have sustained from that King. He hath already begun to settle his people on the lands beyond the river, opposite the Niagara. Those buildings nor settlements shall remain. I will go peacefully to him and will desire him to move off—This request I will repeat calmly three times—if he will not then decamp, I am resolved to strike him, and hence will flow those inquietudes which I mentioned.

“Brother, When we have settled all matters fully, my desire is, that Congress appoint seven of you, which I will take by the hand and lead you to our council fire at the Jenessu; there you will discover the truth of what I say to you and that I am sent with authority by my people.

“Brother I now take this string to strengthen your hearts, I repeat my desire that we should join our force together, by which means we shall be able to accomplish all our ends, to drive the Great King quite away. I request you to make all these things known to the Great Council—when I wish to see you as soon as possible, as we cannot do business unless you are present.”

To this General Butler replied:

“That he could not answer to Captain O’Bail’s last requisitions—that the duty of the Commissioners was to make peace etc. with the Indian nations and that the right of making war remained alone in Congress—that he would carefully transmit to Congress all which had been said on the subject.”

“It must give great satisfaction to every lover of peace to find the dispositions of the late hostile part of Six Northern Nations so much changed in favor of the United States since the treaty of Stanwix in October, 1784, and show to the frontier inhabitants of Pennsylvania and New York, the propriety and good policy of cultivating the friendship of, and living on a good footing with those nations.”

Apropos of this same interview of Captain O’Bail with General Butler, a gentleman in Bedford writes a letter to a friend on March 27, 1786, as follows:

“Last evening I had the honor to be introduced to Captain O’Bail or Cornplanter the Chief of the Senecas, one of the Six Nations, a young Chief or Captain of their Warriors, and four young men in company with Major Montgomery, on his return from the Treaty, and Mr. Joseph Nicholson, their interpreter. I was delighted with their easy address and natural politeness. A great number of the inhabitants of this place waited upon them, some out of curiosity,

and others to pay their respects to them. I understand they are on their way to Congress at New York, to manifest their pacific dispositions toward the Americans.”

That the meeting of the Indians of the various nations at the Miami failed in its results is borne out by the attacks made by certain hostile elements intent on war or incited to it by some other foreign foe. The following letter addressed to the Governor of Virginia from Lincoln County, Kentucky, April 18, 1786, shows anything but a peaceful settlement of the Indian situations.

“The Indians have been very troublesome this spring and of late have invaded the County of Jefferson, and are almost every day committing depredations there. Our spirited, generous-hearted friend, Col. William Christian, and a Captain Kellar, have lately fallen a sacrifice to their barbarity; and it is to be feared if measures are not speedily pursued for the support and defense of that part, the country will break up and of course the people be greatly distressed. The Indians that invade Jefferson, live on the Wabash, and not more than one hundred and fifty miles from the Ohio, and might be attacked with success. We are not troubled with the Wabash Indians; but by the Chicamagies, a part of whom have lately settled over the Ohio, on a creek called Point Creek; they are said to be about seventy warriors, who have stolen almost all the horses from Limestone and Licking settlements. Those on the Tenasee disturb our eastern and southern frontiers, and about ten days since have killed Col. Donnelson, on his way to Cumberland from this country. Several settlements are evacuated in this country with the loss of different people. There is a compact between the southern and western Indians, and it appears that they intend to cut off this country.

“All the Indians on or about the Wabash are for war; and news is just received, that there are several hundred of them at this time out at war, which is highly probable from the circumstances of their being at this time in almost every part of our western and southern frontiers. They have been frequently on Beargrass; and Col. Christian, in order to induce others to go in pursuit of them, has upon every occasion gone himself: and last week he, with about twenty men crossed the Ohio and overtook three Indians, whom they killed; but his men not rushing upon them altogether as he had ordered, he, with three others only, came up with them. It is remarkable there were only two guns belonging to the Indians, both of which did execution, although one of the Indians was shot through with three balls, and was at the time of firing his gun at Kellar, lying on the ground totally disabled in one arm, and unable to rise up.”

The following three letters were received from Fort Pitt and are dated April, 16, 21, and 25, 1786. They seem to show a war-like disposition among the Senecas, frequently in council with the British who incited these savages to acts of hostility against the United States:

“April 16. I take the opportunity of informing you, of a council we had here—Messrs. Allface and Halftown with their tribe, to the amount of fifty, including woman and children, arrived here, and declared they had something of consequence to communicate. Lieutenant Armstrong sent an express for Captain Zeigler, commander at Fort McIntosh, who arrived, and they immediately held a council, when the Indians told him they had been invited to a treaty at Niagara, and refused to go, as they did not put any trust in the English: and expressed a very great friendship for the Americans, their brothers. However the conclusion was, that they wanted corn, beans, potatoes and hoes to go on with their spring work, and a little rum to make them merry, which Captain Zeigler granted.”

“April 21. Since I wrote you, we have received information that during the time Captain Zeigler was holding the council at this place, mentioned in my former letter, Captain Strong commanding at Fort McIntosh, took a walk as far as the foot of the hill, where he descried a party of Indians, who on his approach ran off. He returned to the fort, and observed at a little distance about twenty Indians in arms; they were invited to the fort, but declined coming in. Lieutenant Beatty with a party, went to discover who they were, and returned without effecting his purpose. The next morning a private observed a fellow viewing our situation—what they intend is mysterious; though their arms and reconnoitering behavior condemns them.”

“April 25. Captain O’Hara who just arrived from Miami, informs us that the Indians killed some men at a small station near Fort Finney. The men had gone out to hunt their horses; in consequence of which the horses had run off; that they had also killed about fifteen people on Bear-grass, and two men and wounded another on the Eighteen-mile Island; and from the best information he could get, three parties had crossed the Ohio to go to war; and that Capt. Finney is obliged to keep a continual look out, aided by some of the militia. We have heard nothing further from the party that had made their appearance at Fort McIntosh.”

A month or so later a letter from Pittsburg, dated May 27, 1786, informs us that Allface had again presented himself for an interview at that place. It states:

“Allface, a principal Chief of the Seneca nation on his arrival in town, having heard of some depredations committed by the Indians down the river Ohio, on the white inhabitants requested a council with the commanding officer of the garrison, Captain Armstrong which being granted—

“Present, Captain Armstrong, and a number of the gentlemen inhabitants of the town, Lea and Allface, chief of the Seneca nation, with a considerable number of Indians of his and others of the Six Nations, Allface spoke as follows:

“Brothers, we are all very glad to see you, but are sorry to hear that some blood has been shed down the river; this we cannot help,

'tis none of our faults, but up the water you have nothing to fear, we and all our people hunting about there, where we expect to stay two years, if you will let us remain peaceably and all the skins our young men get we will give to you for such articles as we want, for our brothers have sold you this ground, and we are satisfied and want to live in peace."

"Captain Armstrong replied: 'Brothers, I am very happy to find you peaceably inclined; I am informed that Halftown is gone to Niagara; I would wish to know upon what errand he is gone there, and also, I want you to tell me what the British have said to you since you were here last?'

"Alface said: 'Sir John Johnston last year requested that one chief of the Six Nations would come and meet him at Niagara, where he will be in about three weeks, and he would tell us what had been whispered in his ears; he is going to kindle a large council-fire there, though I don't know what he wants; but I will not go, for I have left my word at Fort Pitt we are ready at any time to receive the corn of you that you promised us, and we wish you would give us some to eat, for we have come a long way and we are very hungry.'

"The Captain said: 'You shall have something to eat and drink this evening, and tomorrow you shall have the corn, when I expect you'll go off to your homes—I advise you to live in peace and be industrious in planting your corn and hunting; don't mind nor believe what the British tell you, they will speak lies to you, and lead you astray; you are now become our poeple; we are your friends, and we will protect you, and wish to live in friendship,—when Halftown returns, I request you and him to come down, and let me know all the British has said to him; he is one of our people, and I always thought him a very good man; I will also give you a little powder and lead to hunt with.'

"To this Alface replied: 'We all thank you heartily for your kindness to us, brother; we want to know if you have heard anything from our friend the Cornplanter (O'Bail) since he went to your council.'

"Captain Armstrong answered: 'Yes the great council of the United States and him and his people with him, have met and talked together in the greatest friendship; they have made them many fine presents; this is the man that informs us (pointing to Major Finley) who saw the Cornplanter in New York less than three weeks ago; they were all very well then, and must now be on their return home.'

"Alface complained and said: 'Brother here stand two young men who have been hunting up the river, and while they were out, some of your people came to their camp, and stole everything that they had, about one hundred broaches, many skins, some kettles, powder and lead; they are good quiet men, and 'tis very hard upon them, you see they have no clothes; I would be very glad if you could give them something to cover them; we do not want to do mischief, we could steal your horses and rob your people, but we

are not disposed to do such things, for it is not right amongst friends.'

"Captain Armstrong told Alface: 'I am very sorry to hear our people should be so wicked as to steal from you, but there are some bad men amongst us; if you can find any bad men doing such things, don't hurt them, but bring them to me, and they shall be severely punished for it—send these two men to me tomorrow, and I'll give each of them a blanket and a pair of leggings.'

"They returned thanks and the council broke up."

As the result of a letter from Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, complaining bitterly about the Indian invasion of settlements under the jurisdiction of that State, a report was submitted to Congress by a special committee composed of Mr. Grayson, Mr. Dana, and Mr. Monroe.

"It appears to the committee, that the Indian tribes therein referred to, were invited to the treaty which was held at the mouth of the Great Miami by the commissioners of the United States, but failed either to attend thereat, or to take any notice of the message sent them for that purpose: That they have since that time attacked the frontiers of the State of Virginia, and are frequently committing murders and depredations on the inhabitants of the said State; That as the attempt for preserving peace by treaties alone has in this instance been unsuccessful; and it is not likely on any future occasion, with respect to the Indians, to have a more prosperous issue, the committee are of the opinion that the only alternative left is for the United States to send a respectable force into their country, and at the same time authorize the commanding officer of such expedition, either to treat with the said Indians, or make war with, as circumstances may require. That this mode of proceeding will not only give peace to the citizens of Virginia, who are entitled by the confederation to the protection of the United States; but will render the federal authority respectable in those countries, and be the means of preventing other tribes from disturbing the frontiers of the different states of the union: Therefore, Resolved, That the commanding officer, with the two companies of the troops now in the pay of the United States, ordered to the rapids of the Ohio on the 22nd inst. do without delay march into the country of the different tribes of Indians, either on the Wabash or elsewhere who are at war with the citizens of these United States, for the purpose of treating with the said Indians or of making war on them as circumstances may require. That the said commanding officer be authorized to apply to the executive of the State of Virginia for such a number of militia from the district of Kentucky, not exceeding one thousand, and such supplies of provisions as he may, from circumstances judge necessary, and who are hereby requested to furnish the same, deducting the amount thereof from the special proportion of the requisitions of the year 1786.

“That the said commanding officer give peace to the said Indians on no other terms than that of their making satisfaction as far as lies in their power, for any damages already done, and of delivering up a sufficient number of hostages as a security for the time to come.”

A letter from an officer commanding at Fort McIntosh to a gentleman in Philadelphia dated Sept. 13, 1786, says:

“Three men from Sandusky say the Indians are in general desposed for war, and that there are seven hundred warriors collected at the Shawona towns, and more are expected. That they were informed by two white men who had become there, that they had brought in thirteen scalps and four prisoners, two men and a Mrs. Moir and daughter; the two latter they burned before the men, and told them that was to be their lot in a few days. The above persons say that the Indians are determined to strike at Catpain Hutchins, surveyor, and those with him, also at a settlement called Wheeling about one hundred and seventy miles from this: but General Clarke, we hope, is ere this gone into their country with fifteen hundred men, which will cut them out some other work than the butchering our defenceless inhabitants.

“I had almost forgot to tell you that the Indians say they will not disturb the whites, if they will confine themselves within the bounds of Pennsylvania, and on this side of the Ohio and that they do not mean to trouble Col. Porter in cutting the line.”

The Indian massacres increased even after Congress had made provision for new troops on the western frontier. The following information is contained in a letter from Kentucky dated October 8, 1786:

“From the Wilderness we have an account of a most melancholy disaster that happened between Laurel River and Racoon Creek, on the 3rd inst. about twenty five Indians rushed on a camp of travelers, killed sixteen persons on the spot, and wounded several more, who are not yet heard of; took five young women prisoners, and carried away all the horses, cattle and most of the dry goods; fifty men well armed from this district, are in pursuit of the Indians.

“By a young man who remained hid just by, we learn, that they are Chicamogas; he was so near them as to hear them speak distinctly and having been prisoner among them for several years, must be a competent judge.—Will government pass over this cruel act in silence.”

“The settlements at the Lower Blue Lick, on Licking River, are breaking up; great signs of Indians in this quarter; if they are Shawanese, it will give Col. Logan a fair opportunity to demolish them, as they are not apprised of his going against them.

“General Clarke with the troops, arrived safe at Post St. Vincent, was reinforced with fifty Americans and one hundred and fifty

French inhabitants of that place; he took about sixty of the Frankeshaw tribe prisoners, who were at that post; hath detached Co. Legreau with two hundred and fifty men to cut off the Indians at a village adjacent; left a garrison in the town; and hath marched six hundred men toward Wiatown on the Wabash."

A week or so later there were further developments as we can learn from a letter from a gentleman in Danville, Kentucky, to his correspondent in Richmond (Oct. 17, 1786).

"The troops under the command of General Clarke returned the fifteenth instant, and I am informed the greatest disorders prevailed among them from the time they marched from Clarkesville; some of the officers were arrested and broke by a court martial, on their march to Post St. Vincent, which occasioned an uneasiness among the soldiers, but was made easy in some measure by the General's re-instating them again in their former commands; thus they arrived at Post St. Vincents, where they made prisoners forty-two Indians who were with the French and Americans at that place in a friendly manner; they were kept in confinement but a short time before the General set them at liberty, and enlisted three hundred men from the post with him, and appointed officers to command them to keep garrison at Post St. Vincents for one year; this business detained them ten days.—In this time the soldiers began to be very uneasy, and wished to return home; however, the General prevailed with them to march from that place to the principal towns on the Wabash river, with assuring them the business which they came on could be effected in a few days. On the third day's march towards the towns, about two hundred of the men were very clamorous, and in the afternoon refused to march any further: On the first information the General received of it, he ordered a halt, and in the most pressing manner begged them to march with him three days more; in which time he had reason to believe the Indians would either be received in a hostile manner, or they would make application for peace; no argument the General could make use of had any effect with them. The General thought it most advisable to collect his officers in counsel, when it was agreed upon to return, and they accordingly set off. The General himself staid at Post St. Vincents with the view of holding a treaty with the Indians, provided they were inclined for it.

"Colonel Logan marched from the mouth of Limestone about the 1st instant with eight hundred men (six hundred of whom were on horse back) against the Shawanese towns on the head of the Great Miami; and had it not been for a deserter that got in and informed the Indians of their approach, in all probability the whole army would have been in their towns before they had known anything of their coming. It appears that before the deserter had got in, most of the warriors had gone out in order to meet General Clarke, not knowing of any particular marching against them, so that by the time Colonel Logan appeared in sight, most of the Indians had left

the towns. They made prisoners thirty-two woman and children, and killed seven men, among them was their chief, King Melantha, who gave himself up without any resistance, with his wife and children, and afterwards was murdered by a Colonel M'Gary. They burned ten towns and villages and all their corn, brought off several horses and a quantity of plunder. The squaws and children prisoners arrived on the 21st instant, where I expect they will continue until exchanged."

One can easily see that if the Indian reign of terror was to cease, effectual steps had to be taken by the government to meet the exigencies of these stirring times by forcing the Indians into submission. War along the whole western frontier became inevitable. The new government under Washington had to face the issue. Reverses and defeats were to be the lot of the armies, poorly disciplined, and miserably provisioned during the first years of these bloody engagements. Not until Wayne's decisive victory was achieved were the blanched and frowning faces of the western settlers relaxed. The aggressiveness of the great Indian tribes was forever broken and peace became more and more an accomplished fact as civilization and commerce developed.

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NOTE:—The documents used in this article are taken from letters and other authoritative information appearing in the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and their vicinities between the years 1784-1789. The clippings unfortunately have no source notes, indicating newspaper titles where they were originally found. A partial identification of location is, however, sometimes ascertainable by examining the reverse side of the clippings, where advertisements and notices are seen, which give the documents a character. Invariably the time and place elements are recorded, which relieve in a measure the critical mind of the historian in search for the truth. The materials here used were taken from the files of the Seton Papers, forming now part of the Catholic Archives of America at Notre Dame, Indiana. The Seton ancestry on the American side has its origin in the Bayleys, a distinguished stock of early Connecticut settlers. From this family came Elizabeth Ann Bayley, afterwards known as Mother Seton; for she was married to William Magee Seton, descendant of the nobility of Scotland. She afterwards became the foundress of the Sisters of Charity. These contemporary writings, so long in repose, are now republished because they produce interesting facts that may throw a few rays of light on that critical period of our country's history, when our forefathers had just concluded the American Revolution.

THE SULPICIAN IN THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY

After the Diocese of Baltimore had been officially extended to the Mississippi River, the duty of Bishop Carroll to provide priests for the long forsaken Missions and Parishes, Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Prairie Du Rocher and Vincennes, became imperative. He was fortunate to obtain from Paris a number of very excellent members of the Sulpician Congregation, some for his new seminary at Baltimore, others for the western missions. Among the latter were, besides the future Bishops of Bardstown, Flaget and David, the Fathers Michael Levadoux, Jean François Rivet and Gabriel Richard.¹ These priests were assigned as follows: Levadoux to Cahokia, Rivet to Vincennes, Richard to Prairie du Rocher, and the secular priest, Pierre Janin, to Kaskaskia. Only Rivet and Janin had Indian Missions.

The first Sulpician to accept the position of a shepherd of souls² in the old Illinois missionary field, and, for that matter, in the United States, was the saintly Benedict Joseph Flaget. Born December 7, 1763, at Contournat, in the Auvergne, he became a member of the Congregation of St. Sulpice on November, 1783, and pursued his theological studies at Issy, near Paris, under Father Gabriel Richard, as Superior. The revolution, that swept away so many of the monuments of French piety, learning and art, drove the young priest away from home to America, in company of the Sulpician Fathers Chicoisneau and David, and the subdeacon, Stephen Theodor Badin.

The missionaries reached Philadelphia on March 29, 1792. The youthful Flaget was immediately sent as pastor to the old French settlement on the Wabash, Vincennes,³ where he arrived a

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¹ There were two Fathers Richard, Gabriel and Benedict, the one a Sulpician, the other a secular priest; the one serving on the east bank of the river, the other on the west, at St. Charles. Benedict Richard came from France in the ship that brought the first colony of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to America. Father Gabriel Richard was never the Confessor of the Sacred Heart nuns at St. Charles. Benedict Richard was sent to New Orleans as chaplain to the Ursulines, and under Bishop De Neckere became Vicar General of the diocese. These two distinguished names are sometimes confounded by historians.

² The Congregation of St. Sulpice was intended for Seminary work. Missionary activity was assigned to them at the request of Bishop Carroll.

³ Since the days of the early Jesuits the Church of Vincennes has maintained

few days before Christmas. What he saw and experienced there among the Indians who had returned to an almost savage life, and the Creoles who had inter-married with the Indians and had adopted many of their ways and manners, was enough to discourage any ordinary man. The church of Father Gibault, a log building, still remained, but in a dilapidated condition; the altar was a primitive construction of a few boards, rudely put together. Yet, the poverty and bareness of his surroundings did not dishearten Father Flaget, though it touched him deeply, reminding him of Bethlehem and its manger. What hurt him much more was the coldness and indifference of his people, of whom only twelve could be moved to approach Holy Communion during the Christmas festivities. Seeing that the way of converting the old was through the plastic hearts of their children, he established a school, in which he taught the rudiments of learning and the principles and practices of religion. A goodly number of the parishioners, Indian and French Creoles, were won over to the almost forgotten Christian practices. But no less did he endeavor to improve the social condition of these poor neglected and persecuted people. He had looms made, and taught the women the art of weaving; he encouraged agriculture and sought to instil habits of industry in the half-savage hunters and trappers.

During Father Flaget's stay at Vincennes, the smallpox visited the people of the town, and the Indians in the neighboring villages, and continued its ravages, though intermittently, for a whole year. With full knowledge of the dangers he incurred, he waited on the afflicted, administered the sacraments and buried the dead. Many among the Miamis and other Indians received Baptism on their death-bed.

With such a lonely life in the wilderness, with no priestly companion within reach, and deprived of all the comforts of cultured society the young missionary bore the "burdens of the day and the heats thereof" most manfully. When he fell sick in October, 1793, his

intimate relations with the French Catholics along the Mississippi. Father Mermet, the Jesuit from Kaskaskia, was its first priest. Then came the heroic Father Senat, the martyr of duty in the Chicasaw war, and a little later the Jesuits Vivier and Meurin, all members of the Illinois Mission. Father Gibault was the pastor, until his appointment to New Madrid on the Spanish side. On Bishop Du Bourg's assumption of the charge of the Illinois Mission, Vincennes was thrown in for good measure, and two of his best priests, Anthony Blanc and Andrew Ferrari, were sent there to revive the faith. The town on the Wabash was named for the Sieur John Baptist Vincennes whom the Chicasaws burned to death with his friend and companion Father Senat in 1736.

vigorous constitution and his never-failing confidence in God soon restored him. But he was destined for higher things, and at the call of his Superiors, he left Vincennes for Baltimore at the end of April, 1795.

The disastrous war with the savages at last brought the United States government, not so much to a realization of its duty towards the poor children of forest and prairie, but rather to a clearer estimate of the advantages to be gained by bringing them under religious influences.

President Washington recommended to Congress the adoption of a more helpful treatment of the Indians. Bishop Carroll at once offered the services of Father Rivet, and the offer was accepted. A commission was issued to him as "Missionary to the Indians," with an annual allowance of \$200.00. Father Rivet immediately set out for the Mission of St. Francis Xavier near Vincennes, and arrived there June 12, 1795.⁴

Father Pierre Janin received a similar commission, and came to Kaskaskia in October of the same year. Both found, what Father Rivet had expected from the start, "only trouble, privation and the duty of making every kind of sacrifice." Through the disastrous war the Indians had become savages once more, with the vices of the whites added to their old ones. The French Catholics were apathetic, and the government officials neglected to pay the yearly allowances. Father Janin soon resigned his commission as "Missionary to the Indians" and Pastor of Kaskaskia, to go to St. Louis on the Spanish side. Father Gabriel Richard attended the place from Prairie du Rocher. Fever attacked the new-comers to the American Bottoms. "So far I have had only three attacks of the fever," wrote Father Levadoux from Cahokia, "but they have left me so weak, that I can scarcely keep from falling at every step." "Father Rivet at Vincennes has been more fortunate in this respect. But his Indians were all in winter quarters, and will not be back for a few months." "One great drawback, is that I am still without means, having no interpreter of my own, not knowing the language, having no opportunity to learn it, and being scarcely able to vegetate with the meagre salary given me by the United States. We have not even received a cent of the first quarter of that salary, now that the fourth quarter is due." "The Governor tells us that we have been forgotten."⁵

⁴"Rev. John Rivet," by Camillus P. Maes in *Ecclesiastical Review*, vol. V, July and August.

⁵Ibidem, p. 40.

Discouraging as the care of the Indians was, the experiences Father Rivet had with the French were still more heartrending: "Notwithstanding all my care, in a village composed of one hundred and four Catholic families, which number about three hundred, or three hundred and fifty communicants, I had only eighty-eight persons who presented themselves at the tribunal of Penance and forty two at the Holy Table, although my indulgence has been almost excessive."⁶ The good Father begs his Bishop to send his people a pastoral letter, especially in regard to "the necessity of sending the children to Catechism, and not to leave them, until the age of thirteen or fourteen, in almost absolute ignorance of all their duties of religion, to take them out of the hands of the priests, as soon as they have made their First Communion."⁷ Another common vice, the Father most bitterly condemns, is "the uncontrollable passion for nocturnal dances." The population of our villages is made up of people from all over the world,"⁸ adds Father Rivet as one of the causes of this almost universal demoralization.

Father Rivet, however, regarded himself as primarily a missionary appointed for the savages, and as such he had very noteworthy success. As to Father Rivet's zeal for the salvation of his poor Indian children, Bishop Carroll bears ample testimony: "Father Rivet visits the neighboring Indians and applies himself incessantly in fulfilling the object of his appointment, and disposing them to maintain a friendly temper towards the United States. He is indefatigable in instructing them in the principles of Christianity, and not without success, which however, would be much greater if the traders could be restrained from spoiling the fruits of his labors by the introduction and sale of spirituous liquors. In the discharge of his useful occupations, M. Rivet has undergone much distress. The Indians afford nothing for his subsistence; on the contrary, he is often obliged to share the little he possesses with them."⁹

"God rewarded his zeal," says Father Rivet's biographer, "with abundant spiritual fruit. The Vincennes Registers of Baptisms and Marriages record the wonderful results of his apostolic labors among the Pottowatomies. The other roaming tribes of the plains of the Wabash were not overlooked: Miamis, Shawnees, Charaguis, Pian-

⁶ Ibidem, p. 44.

⁷ Ibidem, p. 45.

⁸ Ibidem, p. 47. Among Father Rivet's many other accomplishments we may mention his skill in writing Latin verse. He often exchanged poetic elucubrations with Father Stephen Badin.

⁹ Letter to Samuel Dexter, Secretary of War, Sept. 15, 1800.

keshaws, Ouias, Sioux and Kaskaskies, all contributed their share to the harvest of souls."¹⁰ The infidel writer, Volney, on his tour through the West, visited Father Rivet at Vincennes and expressed himself as "well-pleased with the personality of the learned, well-bred and very kind gentleman." He has special praise for Father Rivet's "self-sacrificing efforts for the education of his flock."

On October 14, 1802, Father Rivet alludes to the changes that were going on beyond the Mississippi: "Governor Harrison has given me a hint, that the Government may need my services in Louisiana, whence most of the priests leave, to go within the lines of the domain of the Spanish King (Florida), who offers to continue their pension to all who locate there. . . . During my last journey I went to St. Louis, and everybody expressed a desire to have me there. It is probable that the two shores of the Mississippi will form one and the same government with the region where I reside, and in that case, Governor Harrison will be strongly importuned by the people of the other shore, to send me there. Alas, if they knew what I am, they would not go to so much trouble."¹¹

But Father Rivet's health was breaking fast, and his end was, no doubt, accelerated by extraordinary austerities, as "Sleeping on rough boards covered with a worn-out cloak." Shortly after New Year's Day of 1804 he felt that death was nigh. He sent word to his nearest neighbor, Father Donatien Olivier, at Prairie du Rocher, to come and administer to him the last rites of the Church. Anticipating his coming he wrote out his confession. But Father Olivier was far away, and the dying man sealed his written confession and addressed it to his brother priest. Father Olivier arrived at Vincennes three days after Father Rivet's death. "He died as he had lived, extremely poor and extremely regretted by his parishioners," wrote Father Gabriel Richard, the companion of former days.¹²

Father Michael Levadoux was one of the companions of Father Nagot on the journey to Baltimore in 1791. A year or so after his arrival he and Father Gabriel Richard were sent by Bishop Carroll to the French settlements along the Mississippi. Father Flaget on his way to Vincennes met them at the Falls of the Ohio, now, Louisville. Father Levadoux took up his abode at Cahokia, whilst Richard went to Prairie du Rocher. After the recall of

¹⁰ "Rev. John Rivet," by C. P. Maes, p. 50. We preserve Father Rivet's spelling of these Indian names.

¹¹ *Ibidem*, p. 111.

¹² *Ibidem*, p. 121.

Father Flaget, Father Rivet was sent to Vincennes, and a secular priest, Pierre Janin, to Kaskaskia. Father Levadoux was appointed Vicar General of the district. The Sulpician, John Dilhet, in his Memoir "On the church in the diocese of the United States," says: "M. Levadoux went There (Cahokia), by order of his superiors, the Bishop of Baltimore and M. Nagot, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Baltimore. He built a splendid church there, in the vicinity, I do not know where. M. Oliver succeeded him."¹³ This testimony of a brother in religion is sufficiently perplexing. Yet it contains a grain of certain truth; the fact that the church at Cahokia was built, at least in part, by Vicar General Levadoux. As Father Dilhet resided at Detroit with Fathers Levadoux and Richard, he must have had his information from the best sources. What Father Dilhet probably meant, was that Father Levadoux had been sent to the district of Cahokia, and that he built a church there, at a point unknown to the writer. When Father Levadoux was changed from Cahokia to Detroit in 1796, to be succeeded, after an interval of a few years, by Father John Olivier, Father Gabriel Richard attended to the wants of the people of Cahokia, and also to the construction of the church begun by Father Levadoux. Certain it is that the edifice was blessed in 1799 by Vicar General Rivet, Pastor of Vincennes, who also said the first mass within its walls. This building, still in good condition, though no longer used for church purposes, is the noblest memorial of the Sulpician Fathers in the Mississippi Valley.

The first Church of the Holy Family at Cahokia built by Father St. Cosme at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was probably consumed by fire in 1735. Soon after this disaster the Seminary of Quebec sent Father Nicholas Laurens with 25,000 livres for the purpose of restoring what had been lost or damaged. At this time, no doubt, the second church was erected, which served the parish until that fateful day in November 1762, when Father Forget Du Verger, the last of the Seminary priests, sold all of the mission property, and returned to France. The people of Cahokia were now deprived of everything pertaining to divine worship, except a bell, a monstrance, a chalice and paten and a missal printed in 1668. A house had to be rented in the village where visiting priests might say mass. Father Paul de Saint Pierre, the Carmelite representative

¹³ Jean Dilhet "Etat De L'Eglise Catholique ou Diocese Des Etats-Unis De L'Amerique Septentrionale," Washington, D. C., 1922. Translated and annotated by the Rev. Patrick William Browne, S. T. D.

of the strenuous life, came to Cahokia in 1786. The people were delighted with their pastor, and built for him a parsonage at a cost of 5,000 livres and started a movement to replace the church, that had meanwhile fallen to pieces. In 1789, however, Father de Saint Pierre left Cahokia for Ste. Genevieve, and the building project lapsed for a time.¹⁴ The "splendid church" must have been begun and almost brought to completion by Father Levadoux, as Father Richard also departed for Detroit in May 1797. Building operations were slow and expensive in those days. The finishing touches were applied under Father Donatien Oliver's regime, so that the building could be dedicated to divine service by the last of the Sulpicians in the Illinois country, Father John Rivet of Vincennes.

This would reconcile the apparent discrepancy in the statements, that the church of Cahokia was built in 1789 and in 1799. The first date marks the inception of the work, the second, however, its completion and dedication. Father Paul de Saint Pierre, the Carmelite, gave the first impulse. Father Levadoux set the work in motion, and Father Richard brought it to completion, whilst Father Rivet blessed the splendid structure under the rectorship of Father John Olivier. As a pleasant conclusion to this tedious account of early building operations, we would subjoin the clear and accurate description of the Old Church at Cahokia published some years ago by one of its former pastors, the Rev. Robert Hynes.

"This church is built upon a stone foundation, 31 x 74 feet. The walls are hewn walnut logs placed upright six inches apart and leaning in from the perpendicular about eight inches. The sides of the logs facing each other are beveled to a depth of two inches to receive and hold the mixture of stone and mortar with which the interstices are filled. The logs are securely mortised into heavy timbers below and above, and braced at each angle of the building. Not a nail was used in the entire structure, but huge wooden pegs were employed where needed. The roof timbers are oak, squared to the dimensions of 4 x 4 inches and originally were covered with cypress clapboards. Wide sycamore boards cover the floor which slopes gently from the front wall to the altar rail with a fall of six inches. Originally the church had no sacristy, but this need was supplied in 1833 in the form of a small chapel projecting from the north wall. In the same year a corresponding chapel was built out from the south wall to accommodate the organ and choir. Later, in

¹⁴ On Father Paul de Saint Pierre, cf., *THE CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW*, vol. V, p. 195, s. s.

1840, a larger sacristy was added to the rear of the building, and a confessional was placed in the north chapel. The church as it came from the hands of the builders 119 years ago is substantially intact today. Additions have been made, indeed, but practically nothing of the original building has been removed."¹⁵

And now we come to consider the most remarkable man of all the Sulpicians that served the church in the Illinois country, Father Gabriel Richard. 'Tis true, this truly great and many-sided man spent only six years of a long and eventful career in the Illinois Missions. Coming to Baltimore from his college in France in 1792, he was immediately sent to Kaskaskia, which post he held until May 1795, when Father Pierre Janin, the Missionary to the savages, took charge. After Janin's early departure for a new field, Father Gabriel returned to Kaskaskia, officiating there until the advent of Father Donatien Olivier in 1799. In Kaskaskia he lived among the ruins of former grandeur. Many of the houses were without roof and doors. The better part of the Creoles had migrated to St. Louis. Fort Chartres lay deserted, and its mighty ramparts were falling piece by piece into the Mississippi. St. Anne's Church of New Chartres was no more. The Illinois Indians, that had formed the two flourishing missions of Kaskaskia, were reduced to a pitiful remnant.¹⁶ All was desolation and despair. Yet Father Richard labored and prayed, knowing that the result was in the hands of God. The Parishes of Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher remained in his care from 1793 to 1798. On August 1st, 1797 he inscribed his name in the Baptismal Record of Ste. Genevieve as "Cure de Prairie du Rocher." In September 1798, however, he became Vicar General and Parish priest of St. Anne's, Detroit, in succession to Father Levadoux, who was recalled to Baltimore.

Father Gabriel Richard was a many-sided genius. Priest, professor, founder of a university, editor, publisher of the first Bible printed in the Northwest, French and English scholar with a good knowledge of Spanish, German, Italian and the Algonquin languages, promoter of trade, and introducer of wool-carding and spinning in the Northwest, and the only member of Congress, that was, at the same time, a priest in good standing. Of course, the missionary in the Illinois country did not have the opportunity of showing all the

¹⁵ ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, vol. I, p. 459.

¹⁶ In consequence of the murder of the great Chief Pontiac by an Illinois Indian at Cahokia, the greater part of the Illinois tribes were exterminated. There was nothing left of the Tamarois Mission at this time, and very little of that of the Immaculate Conception at Kaskaskia.

facets of his personality: the wider field of Detroit was necessary for their development. Yet, he was always the man to recognize an opportunity when it presented itself, and to realize it in a thorough manner. He had his sorrows, too, and disappointments, and even persecutions to bear; yet he met them all like a man and hero. Father Gabriel Richard is, as Dr. Guilday justly says, "the greatest name in the missionary annals of the Sulpicians." Lanman's Directory of the United States Congress says of him: "He was a Roman Catholic priest and a man of learning. . . . During his pastorate of St. Ann's Church in Detroit it became his duty, according to the Roman Catholic religion, to excommunicate one of his parishioners, who had been divorced from his wife. For this he was prosecuted for defamation of character, which resulted in a verdict being given against him for one thousand dollars. This money the priest could not pay, and as his parishioners were poor French settlers they could not pay it for him, and he was thrown into prison. While confined in the common jail, with little hope of ever being liberated, he was elected a delegate to Congress, and went from his prison cell in the wilds of Michigan, to his seat on the floor of Congress."

The testimony contained in the Journal of Bishop Plessis of Quebec, 1816, mingles generous praise with a little quiet sarcasm: "This ecclesiastic (M. Gabriel Richard) is moreover, thoroughly estimable on account of his regularity, of the variety of his knowledge, and especially of an activity, of which it is difficult to form an idea. He has the talent of doing, almost simultaneously, ten entirely different things. Provided with newspapers (gazettes) well informed on all political questions, ever ready to argue on religion, when the occasion presents itself, and thoroughly learned in theology, he reaps his hay, gathers the fruit of his garden, manages a fishery fronting his lot, teaches mathematics to one young man, reading to another, devotes time to mental prayer, establishes a printing press, confesses all his people, imports carding and spinning wheels and looms, to teach the women of his parish how to work, leaves not a single act of his parochial register unwritten, invents an electric machine, goes on sick calls at a very great distance, writes letters to and receives others from all parts, preaches on every Sunday and holy-day both lengthily and learnedly, enriches his library, spends whole nights without sleep, walks for whole days, loves to converse, receives company, teaches catechism to his young parishioners, supports a girls' school, under the management of a few female teachers of his own choosing, whom he directs like a religious community whilst he gives lessons in plain-song to young boys assembled in a school he has

founded, leads a most frugal life, and is in good health, as fresh and able at the age of fifty, as one usually is at thirty. Such is the abridged portrait of this more than ordinary man; extremely appreciated by the Bishop of Quebec and his traveling companions, but having against him the great majority of his parishioners; entirely set against him and several of whom, in their self-conceit and folly, would prefer remaining without a priest to having that one."¹⁷

Certainly we Catholics of the Mississippi Valley have every reason to hold in reverence and love one of our precious heirlooms, the memory of Father Gabriel Richard, and his Sulpician associates, in Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Prairie du Rocher and Vincennes.

From 1793 to 1798 the names of Rivet, Levadoux and Richard occur in the church records of each of the four parishes, as if they had regarded them as one religious establishment, each member of the community, however, residing in his own proper station. As a beautiful trait of the earnest and lovable character of these Sulpician missionaries, we would instance their daily spiritual reunion at the altar. When entering on their widely dispersed missions they had arranged among themselves that, day by day, they would devote the selfsame hour to prayer and meditation in common, just as if they were assembled in their faraway community chapel. Separated in body, yet united in spirit, they would approach the throne of God as faithful in all things, giving thus a fine illustration of the scriptural saying: *O quam bonum et quam jucundum est fratres habitare in unum.*"

After Father Rivet's death, Feb. 1804, there were no more Sulpicians in the Illinois Missions, until Bishop Flaget of Bardstown began to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over half of the Illinois country, soon to introduce his brother Sulpician, Louis William Valentine Du Bourg, to the other half, west of the river, as their Bishop, and immediately to relinquish to his dear friend the care, if not the possession, of his own half forever.¹⁸

¹⁷ After the burning of Detroit, Father Richard was greatly instrumental in the work of rebuilding the city. St. Anne's Church was removed to a more favorable locality. The troubles with the people of St. Anne's culminated in an interdict by Bishop Flaget.

¹⁸ At the coming of Bishop Du Bourg to St. Louis, Bishop Flaget requested that the far western part of his diocese, Illinois and a part of Indiana, be provided for from St. Louis, and his request was granted. This private arrangement was made permanent, at least in regard to western Illinois, by Roman decree in 1834, to remain a part of St. Louis diocese until the erection of the diocese of Chicago in 1843.

The secular priests that were chosen to fill the parishes in succession to the Sulpicians, were the brothers Olivier, John and Donatien, natives of Nantes, France. They arrived in the Illinois country in February 1799, John going to Cahokia and Donatien to Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher. When Father Francis Savine journeyed from Canada down the Ohio in company with Bishop Flaget in May, 1811, he was told to go to Cahokia, as Father John Olivier had retired to New Orleans to become the chaplain of the Ursulines. From 1817 to 1827 Father Donatien is resident pastor of Prairie du Rocher, attending Kaskaskia once or twice a month. This noble priest's character is beautifully sketched by Bishop Spalding in his *Life of Bishop Flaget*.

"The Rev. Donatien Olivier was one among the most pious, zealous and efficient priests who ever labored in the missions of the Mississippi Valley. He was universally esteemed and beloved. By the French Catholics he was revered as a saint. His name is still held in benediction among them. He was for many years Vicar General of the Bishop of Baltimore, for all the missions extending over the present states of Indiana and Illinois. He usually resided, it appears, at Prairie du Rocher; but he visited Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Vincennes and the other Catholic settlements. He was admirable for his child-like simplicity and unaffected piety, which traits he continued to exhibit in the midst of his apostolic labors, till old age compelled him to abandon the field and seek solace and prepare for death in retirement. He died on the 29th of January, 1841, at the Seminary of the Barrens, in Missouri, at the advanced age of ninety-five years."¹⁹

Father Francis Louis Savine, who served as pastor of Cahokia from 1812 to 1817 and incidentally attended the forsaken church of St. Louis so regularly during those years, that he was considered by many as its pastor, acted in Cahokia under the ordinary, and in St. Louis, under the delegated powers of Bishop Benedict Flaget of Bardstown, Kentucky.

¹⁹ "Sketches of the Life, Times and Character of the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, First Bishop of Louisville, by M. J. Spalding, D.D., 1852. Governor Reynolds, who had personal knowledge of Father Olivier, said of him in his "My Own Times": "One of the ancient pioneer clergymen was the celebrated Mr. Olivier of Prairie du Rocher, Randolph County. This reverend divine was a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church for more than half a century. He acquired a great reputation for his sanctity and holiness, and some believed him to be possessed of the power to perform small miracles, to which he made no pretensions."

One of the chroniclers of St. Louis, Judge Wilson Primm, who seems to have caught the inspiration from Bishop Rosati's historical interest, gives us a slight pen-picture of Father Francis Savine, the friend of his early days: "Priest Savine was the last of the Canadian Mission sent to this region of country by the Bishop of Quebec. There are many now living who remember "le pere Savine" with perfect distinctness. He was a man of fine presence, of amiable disposition, zealous in the performance of his duties, and especially kind to the poor and those in distress. There was no tearless eye in his congregation when he bade them adieu. The old Creoles of today still hold him in pleasant remembrance."

The good Sulpician missionaries had not labored in vain. There was a distinct revival of religion and culture in the old French villages along the borders of the Mississippi. We get a glimpse of the new life rising from the old in many a passing remark of friends and foes. A very readable article by Margaret A. Babb, on "The Mansion House of Cahokia and Its Builder, Nicholas Jarrot,"²⁰ gathers up a number of them in regard to Cahokia and weaves them together into a pleasant tapestry. The center of the picture is the Mansion House built by Nicholas Jarrot, the great trader and one-time owner of Monks' Mound. A few extracts from her article in as far as it touches upon the religious life of the village, will show why the memory of a Paul de Saint Pierre, of a Flaget, Levadoux, Richard, Rivet, and of an Olivier and Savine, is still in benediction.

Cahokia had at the close of the eighteenth century declined from its zenith of prosperity and renown: yet it contained a large and distinguished population predominantly Catholic. Among the conspicuous men of French descent was Nicholas Jarrot, who settled in Cahokia in 1794, and through his second marriage with Julia Beauvais of Ste. Genevieve, became affiliated with the aristocratic French of the Valley. "The year 1798," says the writer of the "Mansion House of Cahokia," "found the young couple in Cahokia, living in a wooden house across the street from the church of the Seminary of the Foreign Missions of Quebec." This church of the Seminary priests had, of course, no longer a visible existence, but the site was now occupied by the church of the Sulpicians. M. Jarrot decided to build a brick house, the first one in Cahokia and the second in all the Mississippi Valley. The site chosen was just east of the church. Even as the church was the institution about which the lives of the

²⁰ Published in Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1924.

Frenchmen revolved—so the house standing beside it became the center of hospitality for the region.

Living under the shadow of the church—the oldest in Illinois that is still in existence—Major Jarrot's life was as exemplary in church duties and devotion as that of the priest. He and Mme. Jarrot always preceded the family procession in going to and from mass on the Sabbath.

“The Trappist Community under the leadership of Abbot Urban Guillet, and the Father Prior Joseph Mary Dunand, found a strong supporter in Nicholas Jarrot. He offered them four hundred acres of ground for their monastery. This grant was in the center of the mound region of Illinois and contained the largest one of the group, which even now bears the name of Monks' Mound. The Trappists lived four years on this perhaps greatest earth-work made by the hands of man, performing the vows of their order—silence, hard labor and teaching. In 1813 the community returned to France. . . .

“Although Major Jarrot accumulated a great fortune by trade and prudent investments his generosity and devotion led him to give freely, where he hoped it would be beneficial. Devotion to religion, as well as devotion to his children and children's children caused him to establish the first school in Cahokia.” With him, as with most of the Catholic French and Creoles of that day, religion did not mean a soured spirit nor a saddened heart. The joy of life still had an attraction for them, and they showed their good sense in countering the manifold ills of existence with a light heart. Not that they did not go too far at times; not that they were all perfect specimens of Christian men and women. Yet, under the circumstances of frontier life, it was good for them to be cheerful, and it may be called a wonder, that they did not sink completely under the burdens of oppression and contempt.

“The amusements of Cahokia in the early days of the nineteenth century were much the same as those of the other French settlements. The church had a large share in the social life of the community as well as in the spiritual. . . . There were several excuses for balls—Sunday evening, feast days, and the carnival time were quite the correct occasions for dancing. The return of the fur traders was a time for joy and dancing. If a stranger had been in a town for two or three weeks, he of course had enjoyed the hospitality of the villagers' homes and they expected in return—another ball. These balls cost one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, and a young man wrote home that he could scarcely afford such expenditure.

"The gala season of the year began at Christmas and continued through the carnival season into Lent. One of the pretty customs of the Christmas Mass was the choosing of young maidens of the congregation to take up the collection. Felicite Jarrot was doing this one year when the alarm of fire was given. The old Cahokia church was threatened but not destroyed. During the holidays young men, dressed as beggars, danced into the homes of those who were thus invited to attend the ball to dance away the old year. . . . On New Years Day it was customary to kiss when you met an acquaintance. Barriers were temporarily torn down, slaves kissed their masters and their mistresses, signifying general good will.

"About the sixth of January—'le Jour de Rois'—a large party was given, and a huge cake containing four beans was baked and served only to the gentlemen. Those who received the beans were the kings of the carnival and it was their duty to give the first ball of the season. They each chose a queen and the royal couples opened the ball. The queens in turn chose kings, who chose queens—and the hosts and hostesses of the next ball were assured. So the merriment continued. The usual refreshments at such affairs were cake and coffee or bouillon.

"Love of pleasure was not the only characteristic of the Frenchmen. They settled in villages, which shows their sociable natures. There they raised their beloved families. Generation after generation lived amicably together due to their innate politeness. The whitewashed houses amid many flowers, all enclosed by picket fences, made a picturesque background for the quaint costumes, topped by the blue handkerchiefs which they always wore about their heads.

"The gentry composed of the bourgeoisie and the nobility were not unlike the same class in Virginia. They still retained the love of their mother country, which, in this case, was la belle France, and in many instances clung to her customs and language."

"The French in many ways were lenient masters. . . . Their wives spun linsey for the negroes' clothes, and they were taught the Catechism. One day the Jarrot family heard the cook's baby crying down in the basement. Ortance (the eldest daughter) went to investigate and found that the cook had run away and abandoned the child. Ortance named him Louis and took charge of the boy. So kind was his supervision, that when the slave became old enough to obtain his freedom, he did not want to go. Later, on the wedding night of Maria Brackett, daughter of Ortance, in 1841, Louis took a vacation from his job on a Mississippi steamboat, came back to Cahokia and cooked the wedding breakfast. After performing this

act of devotion, he returned to his work, and that very night the steamboat blew up.'"²¹

It seems appropriate here to give a summary account of the visit which Bishop Flaget, the saintly Sulpician and friend of Levadoux, Richard, Rivet, the Oliviers, and Savine, in 1814, paid to the parishes and missions over which they once held spiritual sway. Though his jurisdiction did not extend beyond the Mississippi River he gladly accepted the invitation of Dr. Du Bourg, the administrator of Louisiana, to visit the parishes and missions on the Missouri side as well. On May 25 he started on horseback for Vincennes and reached it on the third day, tired, but happy at seeing his old flock, headed by Father Olivier. On May 30 he visited the grave of Father Rivet and sang the "Libera" over it. Devoting several days to the preparation of the Confirmandi he administered the sacrament to eighty-six persons. He preached in English as well as in French to the great satisfaction of the Americans. On June the 14th, he and Father Olivier set out for the Mississippi. They were escorted by a company of French Rangers. On the 18th they arrived at Cahokia, where they found Father Savine, "holding the handle of a skillet to make an omelet." The bishop found everything in good order. He confirmed one hundred and eighteen persons. The good people of Cahokia conducted their bishop to the banks of the Mississippi, which he crossed in a canoe, with no companion but the oarsman. No public reception awaited him. At the confirmation services on July 4th he was attended by Father Savine and the Father Prior, Joseph Marie Dunand. The ladies of the city presented the prelate with a fine cross and mitre. On the 8th of July he departed for Florissant, where the entire population turned out to receive him; on the 11th he crossed the Missouri River, sitting in an armchair placed in a canoe, decorated with flowers. On the other side he visited Dardenne, where he confirmed one hundred persons, one of whom was 103 and another 115 years old. He arrived at St. Charles on the 18th, and on the 21st went to Portage de Sioux, confirming fifty-four persons. Then he returned to St. Charles and found a parish that had been at war with its pastor, Father Dunand, for two years: his earnest words brought peace and joy to all. He confirmed sixty-five persons, and on August 3 retraced his steps to St. Louis.

"This congregation is in a state of extreme indifference," he wrote, "yet some young people presented themselves for confession and revalidation of their marriages. Seventy-two persons were con-

²¹ "The Mansion House at Cahokia," *passim*.

firmed. Governor William Clark, the former associate of Meriwether Lewis in the discovery of the Columbia River, asked the bishop to baptize three of his children. On August 14th the bishop crossed the river to Illinois, where a large escort of horsemen and carriages received him and formed a procession to Cahokia. On the 2nd he departed for Prairie du Rocher to confirm a class of sixty-five. Though suffering from a fever, the prelate visited Kaskaskia on the 14th of September, where he set down the following words of praise: "The church is superb for the country; its length is eighty feet, its width forty feet. The evening was spent in blessing the good people." He confirmed one hundred and ten persons. On the 21st he went to Ste. Genevieve, where he was received with the usual honors. He preached strongly against balls, "to the great astonishment of dancers," and administered confirmation to three hundred and sixty-one persons. On October 5 he visited the Barrens, an American Catholic settlement, attended by Father Dunand from Florissant, and there confirmed forty-five persons. On his return to Ste. Genevieve he preached to the negroes, of whom there were about five hundred in the town and vicinity. Finding that marriage was not common among these poor slaves, he threatened their masters with excommunication, unless they afforded their servants every facility of lawful marriage. On the 27th of October he rejoined Father Olivier at Prairie du Rocher, spending a few days of charming solitude after so much distraction. November 3d he returned to Kaskaskia, whence he took his departure for home by way of Vincennes. He was escorted by sixteen Creoles on horseback. The party reached Vincennes on the 12th of November. From the fulness of his great heart, the bishop wrote to his brother in France: "I have just returned from a mission where I had remained for seven months. It is situated among the French living along the banks of the impetuous Mississippi and the muddy Missouri. I was greatly surprised to find more than ten thousand Catholics, attended by two priests only, one of whom is seventy years old; the other, on account of his constitution, unable to travel on horseback. I cannot describe to you the pleasure it gave to these old-time French people to see me and to listen to me. Many irregularities may be found among them, it is true, but their faith is still strong. What sincere feeling they testified, and how many conversions were wrought! Although I could visit but half of the population, and only confirmed those who had made their first communion, I had the consolation of confirming

²² Spalding's "Life of Bishop Benedict Flaget," p.p. 129-142, *passim*.

more than twelve hundred. An episcopal throne was made for me out of beaver skins, decorated with jewels lent by the women.”

The next time Bishop Flaget came to visit St. Louis, he brought the newly appointed Bishop Louis William Valentine Du Bourg, a Sulpician like himself, under whose self-sacrificing devotion the Church was destined to take firm root in the soil of the west and grow into a mighty tree of perennial vitality and grandeur.

(REV.) JOHN ROTHENSTEINER.

St. Louis

THE FIRST MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA

Save for the kindly interest shown now and then by a few interested students and friends, the story of the first martyrs of North America has lain hidden away in the dusty volumes of the Relations for nearly three hundred years. 'Tis true that Bancroft, Parkman, Thwaites and Finley, all non-Catholic writers, have drawn across the printed pages of history magnificent word pictures of the lives and labors and sufferings of those heroic men. If that story could so move the hearts of these writers, then there must be much of interest for Catholic readers and students in the tale.

In the order of their deaths, these martyrs are Rene Goupil, Isaac Jogues, John Lalande, Anthony Daniel, Jean De Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel. Of these, Goupil and Lalande were laymen; the remaining six were Jesuit priests.

It was the wish of Goupil's heart that he might join the Jesuits, and in fact he did enter upon the life of the novitiate in France, but failing health obliged that he give up his high ideal of life. Later, with returning health, he took up the study of surgery and became very proficient indeed in that profession.

With the exception of Father Brebeuf, all of the martyrs were born, lived, labored and died in the first half of the seventeenth century. Father Brebeuf was born in 1593 and was the only one of the group to pass the age of fifty before he died.

These years of the first half of the seventeenth century, from 1600 to 1650, compose an era of great men and of great men's deeds and accomplishments. Ferdinand II of Germany was bringing to a successful conclusion the struggle of the counter-reformation, sustaining during his reign fully one-half of the burden of the Thirty Years War. He was ably assisted by Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, who, in his state, was consolidating the religious spirit of his people into such a solid mass that it would remain intact throughout the years that would follow down to our own day, not suffering any diminution of fervor even though it came in contact with the strife and struggle and the turmoil of a World War.

Henry IV of France had, for twenty years, preserved peace for his Nation, permitting its inhabitants to labor in behalf of its agricultural, commercial and industrial interests. Thus he paved the

way for the coming of Louis XIII, during whose reign and with the able assistance of such master statesmen as Colbert and Richelieu, genius was at its height in France.

In England, Shakespeare was writing *Hamlet*; Ben Johnson and Lord Bacon were making their invaluable contributions to the hardy stock of English literature; the blind poet, Milton, was singing to the world of that day and to succeeding generations the majestic strains of "*Paradise Lost*." In Spain, Calderon, writer of many plays, was producing those three wonderful religious plays, *The Firm Prince*, *The Wonder-working Magician* and *The Devotion to the Cross*. For these his theme was conversion from paganism to Christianity—Penance—and the virtue of Perseverance in a Christian life. The immortal Cervantes was writing his equally immortal *Don Quixote*. In France Corneille was producing *The Cid*, a great tragedy that for two hundred years would exert its influence upon the European stage. Moliere was just entering upon his remarkable stage career. Richelieu, in 1635, by royal charter, had founded the French Academy that from his day down to ours was to remain the unchallenged authority in matters touching the standards of Literature, Sciences and the Fine Arts. To be numbered amongst the favored forty who comprise its restricted membership, is an honor earnestly sought for. Only the truly great in these respective lines of human endeavor may ever hope to attain that prize.

Literature had masters in Italy—in Germany—in Poland and in Austria.

The sciences which we are assiduously cultivating in our day were being cradled in those eventful years. It was the age of Gallileo and the telescope—of Torricello and the barometer—of Gascoigne and the micrometer. Malpighi had invented the microscope, that wonderful little instrument which was to play such an important part in the fields of chemistry and medicine. Huygens had glimpsed those magic bands that form the beauteous circlet round the planet Saturn; Kepler had reached an uncanny finger into the celestial hemisphere and had withdrawn from its hitherto secretive folds the three great laws that govern the movements of the planets round the sun. Mersenne had discovered and was formulating the laws of vibration; Gilbert had discovered and was writing out the laws of magnetism. Harvey had traced and was giving to the world its first authentic knowledge of the circulation of the blood in the human body and Sydenham was pressing his investigations further into the realm of the peculiarities of epidemic diseases.

Spinoza, Descartes, Paschal and Locke were propounding the principles of their respective philosophies which were destined to exert such profound influence upon the thought of coming multitudes.

Education was held in high honor in France. In 1540, St. Ignatius had welded his followers into the Society of Jesus, intending that membership therein should never exceed sixty in number. In the sixty years that followed they established in France twenty colleges—by 1650 the number of colleges had grown to seventy—an increase of an average of one college for each of the intervening fifty years. Though its sainted founder had intended that its membership should never at any one time exceed sixty in number, nevertheless, in 1615, within seventy-five years after its foundation the membership in the Society numbered thirteen thousand one hundred twelve. Its missionary zeal had sent its members—some to the land of the Rising Sun, Japan,—others to China and Cochin-China and Ceylon—others still to Armenia and Persia. They went down the eastern coast of Africa to the southmost point of that unlettered continent. They went up the long, winding, tropically verdant shores of the Congo to the natives of the interior; on across tempestuous seas to Uruguay, to Quito—down to Peru and Argentine, into the West Indies, into Mexico, up to Quebec, out into the snow-banked wilds of Canada.

Not only were these colleges producing missionaries for these far off lands; they were giving to the world such men as Richelieu, Descartes, Mersenne, Moliere, Bossuet, Montesquieu and a host of others whose lives and deeds were to live in history.

Men of saintly character rubbed elbows with the world. St. Francis De Sales was writing those great spiritual works which are read in our day for their classic, literary worth as well as for the solidity of their contents. St. Vincent De Paul was organizing the public charities of France upon a scale theretofore undreamed of in the world. The venerable Bellarmine was enunciating the principles of that genuine democracy which we citizens of America hold forth to the peoples of the earth as the one true, ideallic form of human government. And, too, there was St. Francis Regis, St. John Berchmans and St. Eude.

De Sales had brought the cloister closer to the world through his Visitandines; De Paul had founded the Daughters of Charity now honored by us under the name of the Sisters of Charity and St. Eude had given to the world that great order of women whose mercy has been unlimited, whose charity has been as boundless as the limitless

heavens—the Order of the Good Shepherd. The Ursuline nuns were conducting in France alone three hundred twenty schools for girls.

The Fine Arts were keeping pace with the strides of Literature, Scholarship and the Sciences. There was Velasquez in Spain, who, tiring of retracing the works of previous masters, was enrolling his name amongst those of the great painters of his age through the medium of two splendid works—The Forge of Vulcan and Christ On the Cross. Rembrandt, a Flemish painter, had just completed “St. Paul in Prison;” Rubens, another Flemish painter, enrolled his name among the masters through the “Fall of the Rebel Angels.”

And there was Murillo, another Spanish painter, who, not satisfied with some 400 artistic pictures, any one of which might well have served to enshrine within the memory of men for ages, the name of any painter, with an admirable boldness conceived the idea of tracing upon his canvas one of the sweetest attributes of the Blessed Virgin. From the immeasurable depths of Heaven’s blue he drew the color he would use to portray her purity; he robbed the rainbow of its daintiest shades and tones. From the lustrous firmament of the brightest evening he took the silvered stars that he would need. With a confidence born of the true sincerity of his purpose it seems as though he must have gently pried ajar the gates of Heaven to gain, at least, one fleeting glimpse of the beautiful face of the Virgin Mother. He strolled amongst the resplendent rays of a thousand setting suns and garnered from their dissolving mists the gold with which to mould the halo he would place upon her brow. And—then—as an unknown admirer of his art has said, he borrowed from the angels of Heaven the pencils he would use to trace upon the canvas his justly famous masterpiece—“The Immaculate Conception.” On one of the walls of the Louvre, in Paris, it has hung, and is hanging in this day, a sweet reminder to the passerby, who stopping to admire, is caught in the toils of its entrancing beauty, that he, too,

“Though lacking in genius and unskilled in art,
May paint that blessed likeness in a contrite heart.”

Equally high had risen the standard of the sculptor’s art. All over the broad face of Europe, his chisel was drawing from the cold, chaste granite the images of the sainted heroes who in other days had led the Church, which when placed within the walls of churches and cathedrals, might serve to increase the fervor of the faithful and furnish and adorn in courtly fashion these homes of God on earth.

This was the culture that prevailed in France. It was an exquisite culture into whose atmosphere the first martyrs of North America

were born. Some of them came into the world enshrouded with the homely comfort of the peasant's cottage on the hills where love of the Faith and fervor of devotion served to soften the blows of worldly strife and dispel the care and lighten the burden of the poor man's life. Others knew and had experienced the ease and luxury of more palatial homes where Literature and Science and the Arts had entrance to help the religiously inclined the better to see and understand the true purpose of life. All were Frenchmen and were raised in France. They sought their education in the selfsame schools where masters of their Age had before been trained. They learned the principles of an enduring literature; they traveled in the fields of advanced science; they climbed to the plane of a broad—broad scholarship; they drank in the influence of a refining Art. They taught the classics; they taught the sciences; they led other young men along the paths of knowledge. Had they pursued their course as they had started out, it seems promised that history would have crowned their careers with an approving smile.

But no—they thought nothing of the world's approval. From faraway Japan came the news that Blessed Charles Spinola had won the martyr's crown in "the great martyrdom" of 1622. They knew that Melchior and Stephen had let flow their blood for the Faith in Poland. Yes, there was ringing in their ears from just across the channel in "old merrie England" the tortured cries of no less than ten members of their Order who had suffered the excruciating pains of being racked, drawn, quartered and hanged because they would not betray their brethren—because they would not deny the Faith.

These friends of ours had no time to listen to the false promises of the world. They listened only to the tales that Cartier, Champlain, Biard and Masse had told of a race of people fallen from the high estate of man into the abysmal depths of savagery and barbarism. They raised their voices in more fervent prayer to God—they made incessant clamor in the ears of their superiors—begging that they might be amongst the next to undertake this great work of God amongst the heathen in the unknown wilds of Canada.

In 1607, the year in which Goupil and Jogues were born (and by the way all of these first martyrs of North America, with the exception of Brebeuf, were born between 1607 and 1613), the English had planted their first colony at Jamestown, in Virginia. In 1609 Hudson was in New York Bay. In 1614 the Dutch had settled on Manhattan, later pushing their way up the beautiful Hudson river to a point near the present site of Albany where they erected Fort Orange of which we shall later speak. By 1634 settlements had been made

along the coast in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

The Algonquin Indians lived in the territory north of the St. Lawrence river. The Hurons had their homes on the eastern shore of Lake Huron just south of what we now know as Georgian Bay. The Neuter Indians claimed the land along the north shore of Lake Erie. In between the Neuters and the Hurons, the Petuns or Tobacco Indians lived. The Iroquois resided in what is now the State of New York, having their villages scattered along between where Schenectady now stands and Lake Erie. It will be remembered that whenever Fenimore Cooper wishes to introduce the qualities of treachery, deceit or hypocrisy where the Indian is involved, he invariably chooses the Huron; whenever he treats of the Iroquois it is to depict its people as savage, warlike, and as fiendishly and inhumanly cruel.

Father Brebeuf was the first of our group of martyrs to come to the Canadian missions. He arrived in 1625, and, after lingering around Quebec a while, during which time he studied well where first he should begin amongst the Indians, made up his mind that he could work to the best of advantage in the Huron country. It lay to the west some 600 miles, but, traveling by canoe, as they had to do in those days, carrying their canoes and luggage by hand around the many rapids, carrying canoes and luggage and all over the long portages between the streams, following the winding currents of the rivers and the equally winding trails upon the land, it meant to them a long, tedious and arduous journey of near 900 miles each way. Arrived at the point where he would conduct his labors, he was standing but at the threshold of the hardships he must endure before he might even speak their simplest words. His experience in this regard must have been the same as those that Father Le Jeune, another Jesuit missionary, who nearly 10 years later was to take up a like task among the Algonquins. Le Jeune tells how when first arrived among the Algonquins, he had to lend them aid in the building of a cabin that would shelter all from the piercing blasts of their northern winter. He relates how they dug down through four or five feet of snow and cleared a small patch of ground and then inside that wall of snow on a few poles they had raised, were stretched pieces of bark that had been sewed together leaving at the top a hole through which the smoke of the fire that they kept burning on the ground at the center of the cabin might escape. The occupants of these cabins slept upon the ground. He tells how nights without number he has shared his sleeping place with the dogs of the tribe, glad sometimes

that they were there because the heat of their bodies somewhat made up for the lack of blankets to keep him warm. No doubt many nights, as he looked out through the holes in the bark covering of the cabin, he could not help but realize the contrast between the primitiveness of this savage abode and the comfort of the home he had left in France. But for these missionaries the chill of their bodies only added to the warmth of the zeal in their souls. These men all had been accustomed to the best that the culinary art of France could produce. Food was not at all plentiful in these Indian camps and even when it was to be had, the filthy way in which it was prepared drove these missionaries again to their dried-out mooseskins and eel-hides and to the bark and roots of trees in order that they might stave off starvation.

They went with the tribes on their hunting trips and to the fishing grounds; they went with them to where they played their games and to where they traded so that now and then they might pick up some word of the Indian language that hitherto they had not heard. As rapidly as these new words were encountered they were engrossed upon a little slip of paper so that later they might include the new-found word in the dictionary of Indian words that was being slowly compiled. All the while the missionaries had to be extremely careful that all paper was kept out of sight of the Indians because these savages frequently claimed that paper was but the handmaid of sorcery and they seemed to fear that it would inevitably work evil among their people.

Brebeuf found the Hurons as Cooper has so often described them. And too, he found that their lives were morally vicious. They were given to sorcery and to the missionaries they imputed sorcery. Not only did Brebeuf fail at first to make converts among them, but they regarded him and everything he had with him with suspicion. There came upon them an epidemic of disease that wasted many of their tribe and a drouth threatened their crops. He knew that there was much murmuring against him. He had not long to wait. The captains of the tribe assembled in council and shortly afterward sent for him. They said to him: "My brother, we see that on your cabin you have a cross that is painted red and that red cross, in the opinion of this council, has caused our sickness and would destroy our crop. You should take it down." He tried to explain a little but he made no impression. Then he boldly said: "If that cross that is painted red has caused you trouble then why do you paint red upon your cabin doors—why red upon your clothes—why red upon your faces?" They were confounded. And then he offered, if they thought best,

that they might paint it white but they must not take it down. They agreed to this and the color of the cross was changed to white. One, two, three, four days came and went but there came no rain. The Hurons gathered again in council and Brebeuf addressed them. He told them that the change of color had done no good. No matter what the color of the cross it could make no difference. And then he asked them to come with him and pray. Upon the cross he fastened a corpus of the Saviour and gathering his savages about him he led them as best they could follow in devotion to the cross and to the Christ for whom he would win them. The next day rain came to break the long drouth from which this tribe had suffered. The cross upon Brebeuf's cabin was again dressed in its original coat of red. Brebeuf had opened the doors of their savage hearts a little way. He was about to make triumphal entry in the name of his Lord and Master. But this was not to be. His work amongst his Hurons was interrupted at this time when the English seized New France driving out the French and taking possession themselves. Brebeuf was forced, with others of the French, to leave and in 1629 returned to France. There he spent his time arousing the interest of the people of France in the mission fields where he had been laboring. By 1632 the difficulties arising over the English seizure of New France were adjusted between England and France and New France was restored to the French. Brebeuf immediately made his way back to Quebec and shortly afterward was again among his Hurons taking up the work of christianization where he had left it off.

Early in February, 1636, Isaac Jogues was ordained to the holy priesthood. On April 8th, following, his many prayers answered, he, in company with other Jesuit priests, among them Charles Garnier, left Dieppe, France, arriving at Chaleurs Bay on June 2nd and moving up to Quebec on the second day of July. The latter part of August he started on his journey to the Huron country. Arriving there he began his work with Brebeuf, remaining until 1642. During the time he was on this mission he found an opportunity to engage in some few trips of exploration. One of these trips took him up around Lake Huron to the Sault at the northern end of the present state of Michigan. There he could stand and, gazing out upon the apparently never ending reaches of the plains, meeting many other tribes of Indians theretofore unknown to him, contemplate the vastness of the task that lay before the missionaries.

In the spring of 1642 Father Raymbault had fallen ill and it was necessary that he should be returned to Quebec. Father Jogues was asked by the superior, then in charge, if he would accompany Father

Raymbault back to Quebec. The great humility that was such a great part of his character here shows itself for he says in writing of the event that he made up his mind he should say yes. He knew the dangers of the journey. He knew that the fierce Iroquois lingered almost continually along these trails back to Quebec watching for an opportunity to take captive some of the Hurons. And so he thought that he must say yes, for did he not, then someone of greater ability than he, would be selected, and if lost, the missions must suffer greater loss than if he should be taken captive. Accordingly, the fore part of June, the little company took up the trail toward the east. No hostile Indians were encountered on the trip down. At Quebec they tended to their trading and Father Jogues secured supplies of religious articles of which the Huron mission was in very bad need.

August 1st, they started on their return trip to the Huron villages. Here for the first time Rene Goupil enters the picture. He was one of the band returning with Father Jogues, going to the Huron missions to render to the mission fathers such assistance as he might be able. The next day they came into the ambush laid by an overwhelming group of Iroquois. The Iroquois attacked them with guns that they had previously secured in trade with the Dutch at Fort Orange. In a trice the company was scattered and such as did not effect their escape in the first moments of the onslaught were made prisoners. Jogues and Goupil were among that number.

An Indian convert named Eustache succeeded in escaping but having stopped to ascertain who else might likewise have escaped, found that Jogues was not among them. Immediately he retraced his steps toward the place of the attack and made his surrender. Taken into the group of captives, he espied Jogues and going up to him, he said: "I praise God that he has granted me what I so much desired—to live and die with thee." In a moment more a Frenchman, who by the fleetness of his foot had outstripped his pursuers, and like Eustache, finding that Jogues had not escaped, made his way back to where the captives were and submitted himself into captivity. This Frenchman was William Cousture, a layman, who among others, Father Jogues tells us, "without any worldly interest serve God and aid us in our ministrations among the Hurons." In the fight he had slain one of the most prominent of the Iroquois and for this he must be promptly made to suffer. The Iroquois stripped him naked and tore out his finger nails with their teeth. They bit and chewed his fingers and ran a javelin through his hand. He suffered patiently and as he afterward told Jogues, he remembered the nails of the Saviour as these Indians pierced his hands. Then they fell upon

Jogues beating him with their fists and knotty sticks. They tore off his finger nails and chewed his fingers between their teeth causing him incredible pain. They did the same to Goupil and having for the time being satisfied themselves gathered their prisoners together and started on the long journey to their villages in New York. Eight days further on they met a band of 200 warriors who were going to make an attack upon a newly built fort that the French had erected at Richelieu. Again the captives were required to run the gauntlet between the lines of these new warriors and were severely beaten, their hair and beards torn out, their bodies bruised and the flesh laid open. Nearly dead from this second trial the Indians compelled them to resume their journey. Their clothes had been torn from them and the hot August sun was burning and blistering their lacerated bodies. Jogues tells us that before they reached the Iroquois village that their sores had become infected and so putrid that worms were dropping from them. They arrived at the principal village of the Iroquois located where the little village of Auriesville, New York, now stands, a distance of about forty miles west of Albany.

Immediately upon their arrival, they were marched onto a stage constructed in the middle of the camp and put to further torture. On the way up to the stage they were met by the young men of the village who with relentless fury beat them again with sticks and stones and iron bars. These iron bars, like the guns the Indians had, had been secured in trade from the Dutch at Fort Orange. Father Jogues tells of one Indian who had a lump of iron the size of a man's fist fastened to a rope and with this he struck them on the head and in the face until Father Jogues says of Goupil: "there was nothing of the face visible except the whites of his eyes 'all the more beautiful, since more like that one, as it were a leper and as one struck by God, in whom there is neither beauty nor comeliness.' "

On the stage their fingers were cut off, Goupil losing a thumb when one of those fiends in human form severed that member from his left hand with a broken edged clam-shell. Father Jogues here lost his left thumb. The two remaining finger nails that were left to him were torn off and the flesh that lay beneath was scraped off by the Indians with their sharp nails even to the bone. Jogues tells us of the many nights that intervened as they traveled through their tortures enduring new ones at each village they were taken to. Their open wounds were constantly irritated by flies and insects which because of their mutilated hands they could not brush away. So their torments continued until they had been taken through all the villages. At last they had returned to the principal village. They

were given into the custody of certain families and then the Indians held council to determine what next should be done. Father Jogues and Goupil withdrew from the village and going into the woods nearby began their rosary. They were commencing the fourth decade when two young Indians came up and summoned them to the village. As they reached its gate one of these Indians struck Goupil to the ground with a blow of his tomahawk which he had hitherto kept concealed and a moment later removed the life entirely from the prostrate body with two more blows of the savage tomahawk. Goupil could not speak the Indian tongue therefore could not talk to the Indian children. All that he could do, and this he did, was to make the sign of the cross upon the foreheads of some of the children of the family of the Indian who had killed him. The savages placed a rope about his neck and dragged his naked body back and forth over the rough and stony streets of their village, later dumping the body down by the bank of the little stream that flowed past the village.

Father Jogues remained captive among this tribe in the custody of a member of the Wolf clan for some thirteen or fourteen months when his escape was effected by the Dutch at Fort Orange. He was taken down the Hudson to New Amsterdam where the Dutch governor and one of the Dutch ministers provided his every need and paid him every honor thus making recompense for the harm that had been done when these same Dutch had previously warned the Iroquois not to give any heed or shelter to the Jesuits. They arranged for his passage back to France. He reached the French coast on Christmas eve. Perhaps we cannot appreciate the torturing grief of this good man when on Christmas morn, because of his torn and mutilated hands, he could not, at the altar, offer his God in honor of the Son just born. The privilege of saying Mass was quickly restored to him by Pope Urban VIII, that Pontiff saying: "It would be unjust that a martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ."

Early in 1644 he again took boat for the Canadas and when he arrived at Quebec he found the French and Iroquois conducting negotiations for peace between them. These negotiations lasted through a great length of time but ended favorably to peace. There was not included in this council any representatives from the village where Jogues had first been taken in his captivity. It was extremely necessary that this village be made a party to the treaty and so Jogues and another Frenchman were delegated to go down to this village and secure the agreement of this village to the compact. Early in

May, 1646, they were on their way and after a couple of weeks' parley with the chieftains secured their consent.

Jogues realized that, while the Iroquois would make peace with the French, they would not talk of peace at all with the Hurons. The Hurons in these years, since Brebeuf had come among them, saw that if that advantage was to be preserved there must be much of missionary work done amongst the Iroquois. Accordingly, when leaving the Indian village after having won consent to a treaty of peace with the French, he left behind him a small box of religious articles that he would have use for when he returned. Jogues and his companion made their way back to Quebec and there he made arrangements to return again to the Iroquois this time as an ambassador for Christ and not on any worldly mission. About the 1st of October he started back with John Lalonde for a companion. The Indians heard of his coming. In the time that he was gone an epidemic of disease had befallen the Iroquois and their crops were lost. These reversals the Indians blamed upon the black-robe, attributing the misfortunes to the spell of a devil in the box that Jogues had left in their midst. When he was about three days' distance from their village he was seized—this time by members of the Bear clan. There was intercession made for him by the other clans and finally it was agreed that the clans should be summoned to hold council in the matter. The members of all the clans returned to their villages to prepare for the council. The Bear clan took advantage of the lapse of time. Immediately a feast was prepared by them ostensibly in the honor of Jogues, but in reality it was his feast of death. He was invited and in the evening as he approached the cabin where the festivities were to be held, he was tomahawked by a member of the clan. He died on the 18th of October, 1646. John Lalonde met death in the same way the following day.

Martyrdom was having its day on this new continent. By December, 1649, all of the eight had met their deaths and all at the hands of the Iroquois.

What of the effects of this martyrdom?

What good could possibly come of their labors and their deaths?

Scarcely had the news of Goupil's death reached the homeland until another noble young surgeon forsook the bright promise of a profitable career in the practice of his chosen profession and hastened to fill the post left vacant by Goupil.

Jogues never dreamed—he could not possibly have known—that up through the grasses that had been reddened with his blood there

would a frail tender plant arise later to bloom into the "Lily of the Mohawks" whose cause for beatification is now in process.

Out over the path to the Sault, made sacred by his footfall, came Menard and Allouez and the heroic missionary of the midwest, Marquette. All carried aloft the cross of Christ and breathed forth to these untutored sons of the plain and forest the story of the Infant in the crib who later died for them.

Across the wide stretches of Canada's western plains went the brave McLoughlin—noted layman and servant of a trading company. Despite the exactions of a busy life in the world—despite the responsibilities of business that rested so heavily upon him—he found plenty of time to teach the children in the forest the truths of Christ and Sunday after Sunday to gather them into the company of the men and women of his post for instruction in the Faith and to join with them in prayer that some day they might know the joy of having a priest of God amongst them. He will be remembered in the pages of history as the Father of Oregon.

And strange, strange tale—but it is true. One hundred fifty years afterward, in the upper Rockies, a tribe of Indians were induced, through the influence of a group of descendants of the savage Iroquois, to make the long, weary journey down the winding trail from their villages to the trading post at St. Louis in search of the services of a priest for their people. In this they did not realize their wish and were forced to return to their homes unsuccessful. Again the Iroquois prevailed upon them to make the trip and again the trip was fruitless. The last and successful trip was made by the Iroquois, themselves, and after praying, begging and entreating they at last gained one to come among them. There were not nearly enough priests to serve the country even that country adjacent to St. Louis. But the indomitable De Smet, one of those black-robés that once upon a time the Iroquois had so hated and detested that they would shed their blood, was assigned to the territory where he might labor amongst the truly repentant. In the Canadian missions, where before their martyrdom only six laymen worked there were later twenty-six. Where eighteen priests had labored in those days of death for the Faith, three hundred and twenty would take up the work. Ah, what an inspiration—their tortures and their deaths.

From our storm-swept eastern coast to the gently sloping sands where the limpid Pacific kisses our western shore—from the cold, bleak, ice-bound northland to the summer sun of the southland—on the mountains—in the valleys—on the hilltops—on the plains—in the cities and the hamlets—there are chapels and churches and cathedrals.

Some raise their humble towers, others their stately spires—each one ever—ever—ever pointing out the paths these martyrs trod. In their shadows dwell the convents and the monasteries and our schools and colleges, in our day a field of fragrant roses blooming where these martyrs sowed the seed.

They might not have visioned in those days before their deaths the picture of the Church, as its development in this land is known to us. But this they did know—and they talked it over many times in their councils—that ere the Faith of Christ should take root in this new soil, that soil must first be dampened by the blood of martyrs. The success of Holy Church in her Divine mission in our land was their one true heart's desire and they were willing and ready, and each one constantly prayed to God that he might be enrolled among the favored ones, to die in order that we might have what we now enjoy. And so, if we would come to offer any tribute to their memory that is at all worthy of the name we must have within us no inclination whatsoever to ever hinder, hamper or impede the working of God's Holy Will in our midst.

And this further thought comes to mind with an urge that demands expression. We might, with profit to ourselves, and with much of glory to their names, beg of them that they intercede for us that it may be made known to us how we, as individuals, may best assist our schools and colleges and universities to rise to and maintain that high standard of excellence that will enable them, in another day, to give to the world other Richelieus, Descartes, Cornielles, Molières, Mersennes, Montesquieus—other De Sales, De Pauls and Bellarmine—yes—and, if the need shall ever arise, that there will be within their walls other Goupils and Jogues and Lalandes praying and with incessant clamor begging, for the privilege of taking their places in the line of duty.

To render such assistance might be considered as offering something like just compensation to these martyrs for the suffering they endured. It would at least have something of such merit as does not attach to mere idle words of praise. It would be such tribute as we need not be ashamed to offer and that they would be glad to accept as proving that the lessons they labored and suffered to impress had not been forgotten—as proving that they had not died in vain.

JOHN J. RYAN.

Monmouth, Ill.

Address delivered at Parochial School Hall, Columbus Day, October 12th, 1925.

HONORING MARQUETTE, JOLIET, LASALLE AND TONTI

On Saturday, December 5, 1925, two tablets were unveiled on the Michigan Boulevard (Link) bridge, Chicago.

At the north end and east side of the bridge a bronze tablet, in memory of Pere Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet, "the first white men to pass through the Chicago River," September, 1673, was unveiled.

At the south end on the west side of the bridge the tablet in honor of LaSalle and Tonti was unveiled, their first passage through the Chicago River being in December, 1681.

The tablets were erected by the Colonial Dames and the unveiling was under auspices of the Chicago Historical Society, which did much of the research work.

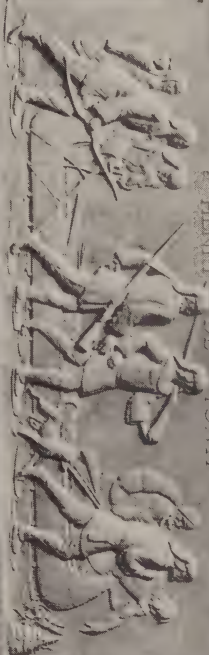
Mr. George W. Dixon and Professor A. C. McLaughlin made addresses.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE W. DIXON

This day will be a red letter day in the annals of this Society for it marks the culmination of a task undertaken three score and nine years ago at the time the Society was founded (1865), namely, to establish beyond dispute the fact that the Chicago River was explored by white men in 1673 and that a French Colony was established in Illinois in 1681.

To that end this Society has devoted such funds as could be spared from its modest income, but its most important contribution is that of original documents in the French language, and the personal research of its members. Chief among these was a former president of this Society, Mr. Edward Gay Mason, who devoted years of his busy life to research in archives abroad, as well as in this country, to establish the fact that white men passed through the Chicago River as early as the Seventeenth Century. Where Mr. Mason laid down this work in 1898, which only ended with his life, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt took it up and has carried it on to the present time, being instrumental in adding to the manuscripts collected by Mr. Mason (LaSalle's letter written from Chicago in 1683, the first Illinois deed, 1693, etc., etc.); other early French documents of inestimable value, among them LaSalle's patent by which he was given permission to explore the Mississippi Valley under the patronage of

THE FIRST
WORLD WAR
CHICAGO
SEPTEMBER
1917



THIS TABLET IS
PLACED BY THE
ILLINOIS SOCIETY
OF THE
COLONIAL DAMES
OF AMERICA
IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO
1917

IN HONOR OF
HENRI DE TONTY
PENELOPE WALKER DE LA PALLE

THE FIRST
WORLD WAR
CHICAGO
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THIS TABLET IS
PLACED BY THE
ILLINOIS SOCIETY
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1917

IN HONOR OF
LOUIS COLLETS-DE-REJAQUES-MARQUE TTE

Bronze Tablets Placed on Michigan Boulevard Bridge, Chicago, by the
Colonial Dames of America

Louis XIV, and various documents written by the noble Tonti, the man with the iron hand.

Research has now been taken up by two men of the younger generation and, within the last year, the exact limits of the Chicago portage used by the explorers have been determined. These will be marked by this Society in the coming Spring.

Two years ago, a special committee of the Colonial Dames visited the Historical Society and announced the laudable purpose of furnishing the funds to erect bronze tablets on the Michigan Avenue bridge, to call the attention of the world to the fact that Chicago had Colonial history. When they were furnished with the data establishing the authenticity of this fact, this Society very graciously proposed that the tablets bear the name of the Chicago Historical Society, as the sponsor for the historical facts involved.

There was additional reason for this because the Historical Society is assured of existence in perpetuity and, therefore, can always maintain a place for safeguarding records.

It is the hope of our officers that there will be many occasions for cooperation with the Illinois Society of the Colonial Dames, in the years to come.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR A. C. McLAUGHLIN

The tablets unveiled today are dedicated to the memory of four men who were engaged in the exploration of this western wilderness. The story of their adventures takes its place among the most thrilling tales of history. The courage they displayed, their willingness to endure discomfort, misery and danger, were unsurpassed, perhaps unequaled, by any others in the long list of men who opened up the continent. Impressed, as one must be, by the toil of the last hundred years, by the energy, the engineering skill, the faith, and the business sagacity, which have gone into the building of this mighty city, we cannot well drop from our memories the achievements and the trials of the early explorers. Every schoolboy and schoolgirl needs not only to know something of LaSalle and Tonti and Marquette and Joliet,—they are only the outstanding figures among the early explorers—but also to hold in grateful remembrance the countless numbers of men and women who, in the past centuries, toiled and struggled and suffered in laying the foundations of the vast material civilization that we see about us. In what way,—we sometimes ask ourselves,—in what way can the men and women of this generation, and especially the young people, who in another decade or two will be the ruling forces

in the commonwealth and the republic—in what way can they be impressed with a sense of civic responsibility? How can they be brought to realize the value of what they have and enjoy, their duty to preserve the best and to build up a higher and better public and social life on the strongest of foundations? Well, one way surely is to induce them to keep in mind the work of the past. The value of anything can be appreciated fully only by those who know its cost in human toil. Nothing is more objectionable in young or old than flippant ingratitude. A self-centered person, or a self-centered and self-satisfied community, is not an edifying sight. A proper and dignified respect for the past, the maker of the present,—the past with all its blunders and the past with all its suffering and effort—is the best antidote for superficiality and an ungrateful attitude, for the carefree irresponsibility, so unattractive in the individual, so dangerous in the commonwealth.

For a century or so before the Seven Years' War in 1763, France was engaged in founding an empire in America. When I say "engaged" the word is probably ill chosen, because during those years her strength and her chief attention were directed to many other tasks, and no very great proportion of her wealth and effort were given to the extension of power on this side of the Atlantic. The reign of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV, was a reign of splendor and of war; during his time and that of his successor, the struggle for territory and dominion in Europe occupied the thought of the ruler and prepared the way for the ultimate humiliation of France. But during the reign of the great Louis, explorations and settlements in America were partly encouraged, partly, at times, held in check by the king and his ministers; and the claim was laid to the vast middle region of the continent, stretching away to the western mountains and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes and beyond. The foundation of these claims was laid largely by voluntary exploration and discovery, little aided, if aided at all, by the state; for at times, the French authorities were anxious to develop the colony on the St. Lawrence and looked with disfavor on the wandering fur-trader and irresponsible adventurer.

The forces making for the extension of France in the Mississippi Valley were trade and religion—the work of exploration was the work of the fur trader and the missionary. It is strange and interesting to see how often these two elements of life need to be mentioned side by side in tracing the course of history, and especially, it may be, in tracing American history. The zealous and devoted followers of the cross traveled through Canada and these western regions, enduring

almost unbelievable suffering in their anxiety to save the souls of the Indians. No words of description, only the plain unadorned facts are sufficient to bring to us any appreciation of their bravery and consecration. And all through their experiences runs the dark thread of the vicious influence of the lawless fur-traders with their brandy, and the vices of so-called civilization; for the Indians were learning the joys of intoxication and were suffering from their contact with the whites.

The most attractive figure among these early missionaries was Father Jacques Marquette, born in 1637 at Laon in the north of France. In youth he became a member of the Jesuit order and at 29 years of age was sent to Canada. A year or two after his arrival, he began his work in the northern lake region. He was a man of singularly winning character, as brave as he was gentle. His devotion to his church and his religion were undeviating, and, as far as I know, untainted. In 1673, he undertook with Joliet, a memorable journey. He began his voyage with words of thankfulness: "The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin; whom I have continually invoked, since I came to this country of the Ottawas, to obtain from God the favor of being enabled to visit the nations on the River Mississippi,—was precisely that on which M. Joliet arrived with orders from Count Frontenac, our governor, and from M. Talon, our intendant, to go with me on this discovery."

Louis Joliet, the son of a wagonmaker, was born in Quebec, was educated by the Jesuits, gave evidence in his youth of mental gifts of a high order, abandoned his intention of becoming a priest and entered the fur-trade, that alluring employment which enticed so many young men to leave all behind them for life in the wilds and for hopes of adventure and profit. He was one of the boldest and most successful of the early western explorers.

The two travelers, with five companions, left Point St. Ignace May 17, 1673; paddled their canoes along the western shore of Lake Michigan, and thence, by way of Green Bay, the Fox River, and the Wisconsin, reached the Mississippi June 17; and, as Marquette says, "with a joy I cannot express" they pushed their frail barks into the sweeping current by the Father of Waters. They glided down the great river, as far as the Arkansas, and then turned back to make their dreary and dangerous way up the river to the lake. They had found that the Mississippi plainly must empty into the Gulf, and not into the Atlantic or Pacific. They returned to the North by the Illinois and Des Plaines Rivers, crossed the Chicago portage to the lake, and finished a journey of some twenty-five hundred miles. Joliet

appears to have been impressed, perhaps unduly, with the ease of communication between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, by way of the Chicago and the Des Plaines, and new visions of magnificent trade and empire in the West arose in the minds of the rulers at Quebec. After this great discovery, Joliet's chief interests were in the farther north; he went at one time, to Hudson's Bay, and also made an exploring expedition along the coast of Labrador. He died at Quebec at the end of the century.

Of the brave and gentle Marquette, a few more words must be said. Intent upon carrying forward his missionary work among the western Indians, he, in the autumn of 1674, with two French companions and a band of Indians, made his way along the west shore of Lake Michigan and entered the Chicago River a short distance from the mouth they set up a shelter, perhaps only a wigwam, in which to pass the winter; for Marquette was stricken with a mortal illness and unable to go farther. As far as we know from available records, this dreary camp was the very first habitations of white men at the site of Chicago. The story of that bleak and dismal winter is a bright spot in the annals of western discovery. The Indians visited the missionary and his companions, treated them with kindness and brought them food; and even some wandering *coureurs de bois* visited the camp and gave assistance. Too little of this spirit of fellowship is to be discovered in the tales of western adventure; but the lowly, mild Jesuit father was able, by the very weakness of his body and the strength of his spirit, to win victories that physical energy could not have achieved. Surviving the rigors of the winter, he went forward in the spring to a village of the Illinois, near the present town of Utica. Here he was hailed by the Indians, it is said, as "an angel from Heaven." He preached his faith to the savages who thronged to hear his words, and established the Illinois mission. But his strength was ebbing, and he resolved to return to the mission at the north; many of the Indians, seemingly unwilling to give him up, followed him for a long distance and strove to aid him in all possible ways. He reached Lake Michigan, probably by way of the Des Plaines and the Chicago. Then, with their feeble passenger, the voyagers began their tiresome journey along the east shore of the Lake, intending to reach Mackinaw or St. Ignace. But the brave and patient missionary did not live to finish the journey. His companions buried him at some place among the sand dunes that skirt the western shore of the great Lake.

Joliet and Marquette were among the first, probably the very first, white men to pass the Chicago portage; and Marquette was in

all probability the first white man to camp for any length of time on the banks of the river. No one can be quite positive of these things, because fur traders were roaming, even in these early days, in the region of the lakes. But at all events, the history of the Chicago River and of Chicago begins for us with the adventures of these intrepid explorers.

We must now turn to two other men of impressive strength and of amazing fortitude and persistence, René Robert Cavelier, de la Salle, and Henri de Tonti. In speaking of them, we pay deference not only to their courage and resourcefulness, but also to a spirit of friendly and courteous companionship, which adds one more gleam of light to the dark story of rivalry, envy and enmity, that disfigures the history of western exploration. Men that face the cruelties of the wilderness are not likely to be mild and humble spirits; not at least if they are carried along by hope of material gain and conquest. The privations of the wilderness, the suffering and the loneliness, which explorers are called upon to endure, often appear to harden and exasperate their tempers. But we find scarcely a flaw in the mutual confidence of these two men amid conditions which might well have broken down the morale and the equanimity of the most serene. Tonti's undeviating support of an imperious, ambitious and rather visionary leader appeals to all admirers of constancy and friendship—friendship between men has from far distant ages been the theme of poetry, story and legend.

La Salle was born at Rouen, France, in 1643, the son of a prosperous merchant and a member of an honorable family. He was well educated, displayed at an early age unusual mental gifts, and was associated for a time with the Jesuits, from whom he probably received religious and secular instruction. But the Jesuit order or the priesthood was not for him. When twenty-three years of age, he left France for Quebec, and we soon find his mind fired with wide visions of western settlement and with hopes of dominion for France in the new world.

Tonti, an Italian, but a resident of France, was sent to Canada to take part in the formidable enterprises which LaSalle had much at heart. In the early days, LaSalle wrote of him; "His honorable character and his amiable disposition were well known to you; but perhaps you would not have thought him capable of doing things for which a strong constitution and acquaintance with the country and the use of both hands seemed absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, his energy and address make him equal to anything; and now, at a season when everybody is in fear of the ice, he is setting out to

begin a new fort two hundred leagues from this place, and to which I have taken the liberty to give the name of Fort Conti." Such was "Tonti of the iron hand." He had lost a hand some years before, and because of this crippled condition would have appeared, as LaSalle said, to have been ill-fitted to encounter the toil and the danger that awaited him. Aided by our knowledge of his deeds, we can picture in imagination this resolute, cheerful, resourceful and faithful young Italian, pushing westward and southward into the dangers of the untracked continent. To overcome obstacles required physical strength; but the even greater need was for courage, faith and mental poise. Those qualities were Tonti's own.

LaSalle's plans, when fully developed, were on a magnificent scale. They included nothing less than to secure the Mississippi basin and to hold it as a part of the domain of the Grand Monarch of France. He planned to establish not only posts, but colonies, or something like colonies in the interior. Despite Louis's fear that his subjects would wander from the authority of his representatives in Canada, LaSalle planned to go even as far as the Gulf of Mexico; he saw in imagination France holding both the entrances to the interior of the continent, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The plan was not unlike a project for occupying the whole interior of Africa, by control of the Congo and Nile basins. The physical difficulties to be overcome were enormous. Wind and weather, accident by lake and river, hunger, heat and cold, all had to be overcome; thousands of miles of wilderness must be traversed; canoes must be paddled up, as well as down, streams and rivers, and for hundreds of miles over the water of storm-tossed lakes; supplies and canoes must be carried over rough and slimy portages. But all this toil was, on the whole, inconsiderable compared with the human obstacles. The Iroquois Indians were a menace; for their war parties ranged at times far into this interior region, leaving devastation in their train. LaSalle was twice near to death from poison. He had enemies at court, enemies at Quebec, spies or discontented in his own company. He had to borrow money at fabulous rates and to give up all and more than all of his own to achieve his purposes. The jealousies and the intrigues of the *coureurs de bois* and the fur-traders had to be reckoned with. Before the end of the seventeenth century, many Frenchmen were engaged in the trade; there were hundreds of them, first and last, in the fourth quarter of the seventeenth century. Sometimes hundreds of canoes in a single flotilla came down the St. Lawrence; there is record of one such fleet of 400 canoes with 200 Frenchmen, over 1,000 Indians, and cargoes of

furs estimated to be worth a million livres. The merchants and shopkeepers at Montreal had no zeal for the establishment of colonies or trading posts in the Mississippi basin when the Indians and the white men bringing their furs to Canada would give the merchants profit and squander money riotously in the older and greedy settlements.

Everyone here knows something of LaSalle's efforts and disappointments, his unfailing faith, his magnificent courage, his marvellous endurance. He built a ship, *The Griffin*, at Niagara, with Tonti's aid, and sailed to Green Bay. She was sent back with a load of furs and was never heard from again. He passed on by way of Lake Michigan, the St. Joseph and the Kankakee Rivers to the Illinois, and on the banks of the river built Fort Crevecoeur, "the first civilized habitation of a permanent character in the modern state of Illinois." He heard nothing of the "*Griffin*"; he needed supplies; he was in want of everything, save the steadfast encouragement of Tonti, for that he had. And so trusting that faithful lieutenant to maintain himself and his companions in the wilderness, he entered upon the incredible task of making his way, not by way of the Lakes, but largely by overland routes, from the Illinois to the St. Lawrence. Five men, four Frenchmen and one Indian, began with him this journey, declared to be "the most arduous journey ever made by Frenchmen in America." They started on March 1, 1680, when the streams and swamps and mud were at their worst; their endurance and courage were amazing. LaSalle's own words are more graphic than any of mine could possibly be: "Though we must suffer all the time from hunger; sleep on the open ground, and often without food; watch by night and march by day, loaded with baggage, such as blanket, clothing, kettle, hatchet, gun, powder, lead and skins to make mocasins; sometimes pushing through thickets, sometimes climbing rocks covered with ice and snow, sometimes wading whole days through marshes where the water was waist deep or even more, at a season when the snow was not entirely melted,—though I knew all this, it did not prevent me from resolving to go to Fort Frontenac to learn for myself what had become of my vessel and bring back the things we needed." The travellers reached Lake Michigan, perhaps coming down the Calumet, left their canoes, tramped along the lower shores of the Lake, where now a comfortable paved highway leads to the region where old Fort Miami stood at the mouth of the St. Joseph. Onward they pressed, overcoming seemingly impassable obstacles, crossed southern Michigan, made a canoe to go down the Huron, abandoned this canoe and

pushed on overland to the Detroit River, crossed the river on a raft, and found their way on to the northern shore of Lake Erie. Two men had been sent from Detroit to Mackinac, and, of the three remaining with the tireless leader, two were ill and quite unfit for work; but another canoe was made and launched upon the Lake. They reached Niagara, only to be met there with positive news of the Griffin's disappearance and the wrecking of a ship from France with a precious and indispensable cargo of supplies. Of the company, only LaSalle was now able to do more; his strength was as inexhaustible as his courage; an example, it would seem, of the value of mental poise and mental vigor to those who would withstand the hardship and the perils of the wilderness. "A Rocky Mountain trapper," writes Parkman, "being complimented on the hardihood of himself and his companions, once said to the writer [Parkman], 'That's so, but a gentleman of the right sort will stand hardship better than anybody else.' " La Salle and Tonti were gentlemen of the right sort—not gilt trappings or powdered hair, not the palaver of court, but the vigor of the trained mind and the indomitable spirit, were the heart and center of their gentlemanliness.

Passing over the difficulties which confronted LaSalle at the older settlements in the east, we find him again journeying to Mackinac, heavy hearted, for he had heard of the disasters of Tonti, whom he had left behind him in the wilderness of Illinois. From Mackinac, he pushed forward to the St. Joseph, and thence, in the bleak days of November, 1680, on to the Illinois, only to find ruin and desolation wrought by the hand of the Iroquois. Once more he turned back and began a weary journey during terrible days of an excessively cold winter, through snow that was sometimes waist deep, so deep, he says, "that I often had much ado, though I am rather tall, to lift my legs above the drifts, through which I pushed by the weight of my body." He reached Fort Miani on the St. Joseph and found no news of Tonti. The next spring, after weeks spent in profoundly interesting negotiations with the Indians, whom he tried to make bulwarks against the forays of the savage and ruthless Iroquois, he passed northward to Mackinac, and found to his heart's delight the equally unconquerable and courageous Tonti.

One feels hesitation amounting to discomfort to be obliged to hurry over in his narrative the accomplishments of the next five years. Once again, this time with Tonti, LaSalle went to the St. Lawrence and then returned to enter upon his great task of exploring the Mississippi to its mouth. In the latter days of 1681 they crossed the Chicago portage and went on down the Illinois. You

know the result. The impossible was accomplished. In the month of April, 1682, with such ceremony as could be employed in the wilds of a savage country, LaSalle, at the mouth of the great river, took possession of the vast valley "in the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the grace of God, King of France and of Navarre." Here we may well leave him. His journey back, his plans for French dominion on the Gulf, his expedition at a later time in search by sea for the opening of the Mississippi, his death at the hands of treachery in Texas, are the elements of a romantic, fascinating and tragic story.

These two explorers, whom no hardship could overcome and no perils could discourage, forever remain examples of a hardihood and a constancy which force the doubter and the pessimist to take new courage and have renewed faith in the capacity of men for service.

Was the work of the four explorers all in vain? No one can say how lasting and far reaching were the efforts of Marquette; but it is itself an interesting fact that we first turn to the man of gentleness and peace, and that we hesitate to question the permanent effect of his religious teaching and his character. The work of LaSalle and Tonti was doomed to failure, as far as it contemplated the winning of the Mississippi basin for France, as the seat of a permanent empire. The hostility of the Iroquois, the vast spaces to be explored and settled, the ambitions of France in Europe, the power of Britain on the sea, and many other things made difficult or impossible the task of the empire builders. But even more conclusive in the long run, probably, was the presence along the Atlantic seaboard of rapidly growing British colonies, with free institutions, colonies filled with men of sturdy purpose, who, slowly, almost silently, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were pushing their way backward to the mountains, and preparing for the natural and inevitable penetration of the back country beyond the mountains, the immense and alluring valley, which they themselves called the great western world. The direst enemy of French or Spanish possession of the mid-continent was not the savages, not the fur traders of Albany whom Frontenac and LaSalle dreaded and opposed, but the pioneer farmer of the British colonies, behind whom were the plain men and women of the coast, building towns and cities, and reaching out daily with ever renewed vigor. Anyone driving an automobile today over the great national turnpike across the Allegheny Mountains, will gather, in his two-day journey, a vivid realization of that barrier, that series of wooded mountain ridges, which hemmed in the seacoast colonists along the Atlantic

plain, and he will get some idea of why and how it was that almost a century passed after Joliet and Marquette had passed down the Mississippi River—almost a century before Daniel Boone with five companions set out “to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky.”

The tablets unveiled today bear the names of four men—three Frenchmen and an Italian. This is some recognition of what was done by the men of the European continent in opening up America. I have immense admiration for the colonizing power of England. One must have the deepest respect for the skill and prowess of Englishmen, and gratitude for the planting on the Atlantic seaboard of those self-reliant and free colonies which grew into the United States. But, after all, as someone said long ago with truth, though perhaps with exaggeration, “not England, but Europe, was the mother of America.” The wider our vision and the more far reaching and generous our appreciation of the sources of American strength, the more humble we shall be and the more ready to acknowledge the services of many men and many nations in making us what we are.

A. C. McLAUGHLIN.

University of Chicago.

FIFTY YEARS OF HOSPITAL SERVICE

(Continued from October number)

FROM NEW YORK TO ALTON, ILL.

The railroad trip from New York to Alton consumed forty-eight hours, so that having left the great metropolis on the Hudson on Thursday night, November 4th, they reached their final goal on Saturday evening, November 6th, at 6:30. En route thither our emigrant Sisters beheld so many unwonted sights and scenes that their attention was riveted upon them throughout the journey. Our great American cities, beautiful rivers, peaceful villages and broad, fertile acres were again and again sources of unstinted admiration and glowing comment. Where they probably had surmised to see war-like Indians with tomahawk and scalping knife, buffaloes and coyotes, virgin prairies and dense forests, their enraptured gaze was everywhere to rest upon attainment of civilization and culture that fairly challenged the achievements of old Europe. Two priests had been delegated to meet the incoming train at the latter station. Father J. Jansen, V. G., was one of them. Carriages stood in readiness to convey our fatigued and travel-stained Sisters to the Cathedral where the Rt. Rev. Bishop P. J. Baltes awaited them at the portal. The bells in the spire rang out happy welcome to them, whilst joyous strains pealed forth from the organ. The timid nuns, now formed in procession, marched into the sacred edifice where the Bishop extended to them a most cordial welcome, speaking words of cheer and comfort, and assuring them of his continued interest, help and protection. With the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of the *Te Deum* in which our good Franciscan Sisters lustily joined, the celebration closed. It had been moments of overwhelming emotions that surged in the hearts of our nuns on this ever memorable occasion and to this very day the few survivors love to tell of that arrival and reception at Alton. By this time, however, hunger, thirst and fatigue demanded something more than words of good cheer and comfort from the good Bishop, their stomachs had become rebellious and nothing but a substantial supper could reconcile them to the occasion. They soon, then, sat down to a plentiful repast which the thoughtful ladies of the parish had prepared for them. Not long after, having been shown the sleeping quarters, god Morpheus touched their heavy eyelids, all became still and quiet, the whole company was sound asleep.

After a most refreshing night's rest, the newly arrived Samaritans next morning reported to the Bishop that they were ready for duty; whereupon he decided that some were to proceed to Springfield, where at that time he himself intended to remove the Episcopal See, from Alton. Springfield was to be the headquarters of the new Community, to be started by Mother Angelica and Sister Cassiana, who soon were aided by four others, the permanent home of the Mother Provincial and Novitiate House. Some others he ordered to proceed to Decatur, Effingham, Litchfield, Saint Marie in Jasper County, East St. Louis, Belleville, and Aviston, Illinois.

But so far no provision had been made for the housing of the impecunious newcomers, who, twenty in number, were to take up hospital work in these various towns and cities. The appointees for Springfield were most cordially greeted and received by the Ursuline Sisters at the North End Academy, where they gratefully took up their temporary domicile until such time as a convenient house could be found wherein to establish a small hospital. Such a house, although altogether insufficient for the purpose was at length found. It was a small, dilapidated, brick house in the 800 block on South Seventh Street, known as the Bishop's block, where they continued to live until 1878, doing private nursing in the meantime.

This, then, was the primitive St. John's, which a few years later was to assume vast proportions on Mason Street, between Seventh and Ninth Streets, where today it covers two entire city blocks. Thus began one of the largest private hospitals in the United States with a capacity of about 550 beds, an obstetrical department, a large laundry, splendid nurses' home and school and a commodious Sisters' Convent. An isolation hospital is at present in course of construction. The chaplain, who here is designated as Director, occupies a spacious residence erected under the tenure of Rev. Hinsin. The superb chapel, like the hospital proper, has at various times been enlarged and beautified.

These Hospital Sisters of St. Francis have been wonderfully guided and directed by Divine Providence. Whereas in 1875 they came to America penniless, homeless and friendless; today they may proudly point to thirteen well equipped hospitals scattered over Illinois and Wisconsin, viz: at Springfield, St. John's, Riverton, Decatur, Belleville, Highland, Effingham, Lincoln, Streator, Sheboygan, Green Bay, Eau Claire, and Chippewa Falls. The number of Sisters has multiplied from the exiles of '75 to some 600 in 1925. The latest venture has been the foreign missions. A hospital was

opened in November at Tsi-nan-fu, China, by five experienced Sisters who sailed last September for the new mission field.

May God speed and bless their arduous undertaking!

BUILDING AT ST. JOHN'S

In 1878 they built that part of the magnificent hospital known today as the "Old Entrance Wing," which contained sixteen private rooms, four wards, a small chapel, a kitchen, etc.

In 1887 they built the east wing of the present hospital; in 1891 a further extension was added on the west side, and in 1892 another addition was built adjoining the west wing.

In 1907 a new fireproof addition was built containing a suite of operating rooms, and rooms for private patients. Soon after the entire third floor was remodelled and fitted up as private rooms for patients and a new fireproof building was erected to house the Sisters. This latter was built in 1910.

Next a new boiler-house and laundry were built, kitchen space increased and the chapel enlarged.

In 1912 the first addition was made to the nurses' home, which provided for fifty nurses.

In 1915 a department for children and maternity work was opened. In the same year a free dispensary was added.

In 1915 the new fireproof addition was opened and into this building the X-Ray and Laboratory Departments were moved where they occupy sixteen rooms.

About this same time the third annex was added to the nurses' home providing rooms for 110 nurses.

In 1923 the new Maternity and Children's Hospital was opened, which is considered the most modern and best equipped in the entire country. It accommodates fifty mothers and babies with a large reception room and beautiful nursery. Over 600 babies were born in St. John's during the year 1924.

At present another addition is being added to St. John's Hospital, namely, a contagious hospital which was begun last October and will be completed next April.

We have here given a mere outline of this wonderful institution—a hospital which is the pride of our diocese and an inspiration to our country, built and managed by the saintly, self-sacrificing Daughters of the Seraphic St. Francis.

We here and now appeal to our readers everywhere to study well the work of these noble women. The cry of our Bishop: The

appeal of those Sisters is—"more Sisters—more candidates—more young women of heroic mould to join this noble order, to learn the spirit of St. Francis—to carry on the work of God, for Christ and Suffering Humanity."

In St. John's Hospital, the mother-house of the Order, since 1875, over 730 Sisters have joined the Order. Of that heroic band, 174 have joined the company of Jesus in Heaven.

THE SISTERS' GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION

Fifty years had elapsed, in November, 1925, since the valiant twenty had arrived on the shores of America. It was therefore meet and just that this important event in the history of the Community be commemorated in a fitting manner. A program, dignified and simple, was arranged for the occasion. This program was carried out in each of the thirteen hospitals under the direct charge of these humble Franciscan Sisters. It lasted three days, beginning with November 12th and ending on the 14th.

On the morning of the first day a Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Ordinary of the Springfield Diocese, Rt. Rev. J. A. Griffin, which was followed by a banquet at which the diocesan clergy were present. On the second day Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and on the morning of the third day Solemn Requiem for all departed Sisters of the community. This program was impressive, meeting with hearty approval of all invited guests and friends of the Sisterhood.

In his eulogy the Bishop pointed out how material success and financial returns are the standard of success in the world today, as they have been for years. But, said the Bishop, "material success and financial returns are not and never have been the measure of any success that has been enduring or permanent. Such an enduring, permanent success must be based on a foundation and inspired by a motive sounder than anything material, sublimer than anything earthly.

"High and noble natures rebel at the thought of being governed by such sordid motives. What we need are men and women, independent enough, to scorn such worldly maxims! The mob, the world may mark such down as radicals or cranks—but in due time the mob and the world will be forced to admire you, tomorrow they will imitate you, the day after they will extol your achievements.

"It is safe to say that no man of his time so deeply and so universally influenced the individuals and the nations of the world as did the Poor Man of Assisi—St. Francis, the Seraphic.

“He moulded not only the man on the street, but poets, sculptors, men of letters, scientists, statesmen, etc.

“Why? Because St. Francis’ life work was built on the solid, enduring foundation of religion, and motived by love for the world’s greatest benefactor, Christ Jesus, the Redeemer.

“That same spirit that immortalized St. Francis has permeated his sons and daughters the world over.”

As time went on, the services of the Sisters became an ever increasing demand, but their number was, alas! too small to satisfy all urgent requests, nay, they were compelled to discontinue and abandon a number of rather prosperous hospitals, of which they had had charge for years. Among these were the Wabash hospitals of Springfield, Decatur, Peru, Ind., Kansas City, Mo., the flourishing St. Henry’s Hospital of East St. Louis, St. Marie, Jasper County, Edwardsville, Aviston, the Belleville Orphanage, and a hospital of Madison, Illinois.

To sustain and strengthen the others it seemed imperative to relinquish the above mentioned ones. The latest demand for our hospital Sisters came recently from Washington, Mo., where at present a new hospital is in course of erection. This, together with the Chinese tentative colony of Tsi-nan-fu brings up the number to fifteen.

Mother Angelica, the first Superioress of Springfield’s St. John’s Hospital, was a native of Altenruethen, Westphalia, where she was born November 25, 1832. At the age of 24 years, on March 25, 1855, she entered Religion; was invested a Franciscan Sister May 10, 1856, and presided over the destinies of the American Community from 1875 till September 12, 1880, when she was recalled by the Mother General to Germany where she died July 4, 1895.

How universally our little Community’s services had in those early years already captivated the well-wishes and confidences of Springfield’s public may be deduced from the fact that they were called to nurse Mrs. Abraham Lincoln in her last illness; and of our venerable octogenarian Sister Frances it may be stated that she enjoys an uncommon amount of popularity among all classes of people. Whenever she is seen on the city’s streets one will be sure to hear from men and women the ever-repeated greeting: “Hello! Sister Frances.” In return to which she invariably answers: “Hello! Jim, Jack or Joe, or Kate,” whatever their given name may be; for there is hardly a home in Springfield where good Sister Frances has not been called in at some time as a practical nurse.

Said a local popular business man quite recently to the writer: "When I was a little boy going to school mother was sick a-bed, with Sister Frances sitting by her side. But when I became noisy in or near the sickroom, disturbing mother's rest, Sister Frances, without much ado, would take me to the wood-shed and what happened there to me needs no further explanation—the house remained quiet thereafter."

(To be continued)

(REV.) A. ZURBONSEN.

Springfield, Ill.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Eucharistic Congress.—The year 1926 will be made notable by the Eucharistic Congress which will be held in Chicago during the month of June. As is well known this Congress is perhaps the most notable quasi-public function of the Church and it is confidently expected that at least a million visitors will be attracted to Chicago. The April number of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW will treat extensively of the Congress, historical aspects of the Eucharistic doctrine, and of the annual conclave.

The Anniversary Spirit.—The public has at last caught the historical spirit. A determined and persistent reference in public and in various periodicals seems to have borne fruit with reference especially to the Marquette anniversaries. Whether we are entitled to any credit for the cultivation of this feeling in the public mind or not, it is nevertheless a fact that beginning with the July number of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, in 1918, we have with each quarterly issue of this magazine drawn attention to the approach and the passage of the 250th Anniversaries of Father Marquette's visits to Illinois. We have pointed out in each issue that the great missionary passed through the Illinois and Chicago Rivers in the autumn of 1673; that he again visited Chicago and Illinois in 1674-5, landing at the mouth of the Chicago River (then at the foot of what is now Madison Street) on December 4th, 1674; that he remained at the mouth in a cabin erected to shield him from the inclemency of the weather for seven days, and that on the 11th of December, 1674, his canoe, with such supplies and belongings as he had with him, was drawn up the Chicago River, over the ice, sledgewise, two leagues, which brought him to what is now the junction of Robey Street and the Drainage Canal. There, a cabin was erected in which he and his two companions sheltered themselves from December 12th, 1674, to March 29th, 1675.

There have been several celebrations during 1923, 1924 and 1925 of these anniversaries, and all of them have been of a public and non-sectarian nature, which, of course, has been very pleasing, the latest observance, being the unveiling of the tablets on the grand Michigan Boulevard (Link) bridge, so well described in other pages of this magazine. These attentions have been gratifying, but all who have been conversant with the subject will agree that not nearly enough interest was manifested in these important events. While all that was done is worthy, yet this generation has not nearly discharged its obligations to the memory of the men who first braved the wilderness and marked the path for civilization and the progress and prosperity of the great region in which we have found home and happiness.

It is gratifying to note that already another anniversary of great importance is being considered, namely, the 100th Anniversary of the organization of Chicago. The very fact that 100 years since the organization of our metropolitan city, as a town, will not have passed until 1934, and its organization as a city, until 1937, serves to signalize the importance of the Marquette anniversaries by the contrasting fact that Marquette and the early explorers were on the site of Chicago more than 150 years before Chicago became a town or city.

Bring the Marquette Statue to the Lake Front.—A man of wealth and of great public spirit, Charles Fergus, spent most of his life in Chicago and died here several years ago. He had the historical bent, and collected considerable historical data; had the same printed and made available to succeeding generations. At his death, he willed a considerable sum to the trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago, for the purpose of erecting monuments to honor distinguished people in Chicago's records and to mark historical places. In fulfillment of the directions of his will, the trustees of the Art Institute have provided for several monuments and markers of various kinds, amongst them a bronze statue in honor of Father Marquette as the discoverer and first white visitor and resident of Chicago. This monument, when erected, will be the greatest memorial to the pioneer missionary in the United States, not excepting the statue unveiled to him in the Library of Congress, at Washintgon, D. C. It is the finest tribute that has been paid to the great discoverer and explorer.

Tentatively the place for the monument has been selected as the school grounds of the Harrison Technical School. This writer has never been able to learn why that location should be selected. It is utterly without significance, and, besides, is in an out of the way place, where it would be entirely hidden. Father Marquette was for months, and at two different times, upon and beside the Chicago River. Accordingly almost any point along the Chicago River would be suitable and appropriate for his monument. The site at what is now Robey Street and the Drainage Canal, where the great missionary resided for a period of nearly four months would be appropriate. The junction of the two branches of the Chicago River which he passed and chose the South Branch, would be appropriate. The vicinity of the Michigan Boulevard (Link) bridge, where the original bed of the river still remains, and upon which Marquette undoubtedly rode in a canoe or travelled upon the ice, would be appropriate, but beyond question, the most appropriate place of all, would be the Lake front, at the foot of Madison Street, where the river then emptied, and where Marquette first stepped upon the soil of Chicago, and where he dwelt for seven days before proceeding up the river to his more permanent abode.

It occurs to this writer that it would be a grievous error to hide the monument away from public view and in a sense, at least, to distort the history of Chicago, by placing this monument at the point which has been suggested by the Board entrusted with this Fergus Fund, for the benefit of the people of Chicago. An interest should be aroused in this matter and representations made to the Board of Trustees, before steps have been taken that cannot be corrected.

THE FIRST VISITOR AND FIRST RESIDENT OF CHICAGO DESERVES A FITTING MEMORIAL IN THE MOST CONSPICUOUS PLACE IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO. BRING THE MARQUETTE MONUMENT TO THE LAKE FRONT.

Growing in Merit and Popular Esteem.—The present number of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW is very gratifying to its promoters. The contributions, one and all, are intensely interesting and extremely valuable. Not since the establishment of the magazine has a more varied and meritorious series of contributions been presented. Readers are asked to note that the REVIEW has gained strength from year to year, contrary to the usual experience of such ventures. It is the common experience that historical publications flourish for a short while, find themselves unable to obtain support sufficient

for their proper maintenance, and decline. THE ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW is now nearly eight years old. At no time has the magazine been less than ninety-six pages of reading matter, and the number has run as high as 150 pages. When it might be expected that the field of history was exhausted, we have been fortunate enough to find fresh sources of supply, year by year, and quarter by quarter, as is made especially evident by the present number. So patent is this fact that we feel called upon to direct attention to several new writers, whose work appears in this number.

It is a pleasure to welcome Reverend W. D. Pike, pastor of the Mother Cathedral of the West, Bardstown, Kentucky. Had Father Pike been a well trained lawyer, of ripe experience in discussion, he could not have made a finer analysis of the much talked of "Legend of Louis Phillipe." No reader can afford to omit reading Father Pike's article.

Reverend Paul J. Foik, whom some of us have known as the diligent collector of historical documents at Notre Dame, has done excellent work in his article entitled, "Among the Indian Chiefs at the Great Miami." Father Foik, who is now in St. Edward's University, of Austin, Texas, is to be a regular contributor and associate editor of the REVIEW, and we may anticipate many valuable articles from his pen.

From our own state and "down state," as we say, comes another excellent article in the form of a speech by a brilliant lawyer, John J. Ryan, of Monmouth, Illinois. Mr. Ryan's address graced a public function of a dual nature, namely, the observance of Columbus Day by the Knights of Columbus, and a Memorial on the early missionaries declared martyrs by the Holy Father in June of this year. Mr. Ryan has developed his subject in a fascinating manner, and we are certain that readers will be anxious for more of his work.

Father Rothensteiner and Father Zurbonsen need no introduction to our readers, as they have frequently appeared in the columns of the REVIEW, but we think it is true that Father Rothensteiner, who is the official historian of the diocese of St. Louis, has written nothing more interesting than his story of the Sulpicians in Illinois, published in this number.

We welcome to this number Professor A. C. McLaughlin, of the University of Chicago, and with much satisfaction, publish his address on the occasion of the unveiling of the tablets to Marquette and Joliet, and LaSalle and Tonti, as detailed in other columns.

In the foregoing remarks we have presented the literary side only of the REVIEW. Readers need but turn over the pages of this number to realize the financial position of the publication. Despite the limited circulation, which should be ten times what it is, the REVIEW has proven an extremely valuable advertising medium, and business men and advertisers of sagacity and prudence are flocking to its columns. It is due our advertising manager, Mr. H. E. Rice, that we acknowledge his splendid efforts in marshaling the advertising patronage. The REVIEW contains more solid advertising than any publication of its nature published in the United States.

At the end of one year and the beginning of another, it is most gratifying to be able to present such an estimate and inventory, and at the same time, express our gratitude to the friends and supporters of the publication. It is our hope and wish that all have enjoyed the blessings of the Holy Season and that peace, happiness and progress may attend you in the New Year and all the years to come.

MISCELLANY

HONORING THE MEMORY OF COLUMBUS

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN

The Pan American Union recently made two announcements, which coming on the heels of the unveiling of San Martin's statue, indicate that this organization and interests allied with it are making progress in their effort to link the Americas with friendship. These announcements were that there would be erected at Santo Domingo City, capital of the Dominican Republic, a memorial to Christopher Columbus, who, according to most present day authorities is buried there, and that the Dominican Republic soon would present a statue of Juan Pablo Duarte, its George Washington, to the Hall of Heroes in the Pan American Building here. The former announcement will, no doubt, be of great interest to Americans.

The memorial to Columbus will be a unique affair. It will be a lighthouse. This Faro de Colon—Light of Columbus—will be one of the highest lighthouses in the world. It will look out from Santo Domingo City at the ships passing to and from the Panama Canal, and its flashes, arranged in Morse code, will spell out Colon.

The type of light that will be used will be an innovation in lighthouse beacons. It is called the Neon Light, made possible by new colors discovered at the end of the spectrum. It is a reddish yellow color and is very penetrating, being plainly discernible in heavy fogs. It is cheap and is in use along the London-Paris airway. It can be operated on one-fourth the power needed for an ordinary electric light of the same size.

The lighthouse will be a combination. It is planned to make it a shrine to Columbus and there will be a museum of Columbus relics in it. Likewise there will be a temple dedicated to him and his mausoleum will be removed from its present resting place—the Cathedral at Santo Domingo City where Duarte is also buried—and placed there.

SUGGESTED BY PULLIAM

The idea of a lighthouse memorial to the First Admiral originated in the mind of an American, William E. Pulliam, receiver general of the Dominican republic. He broached the subject to the people of that nation and received an enthusiastic response.

A committee was formed, made up of Dominicans, which set out on a campaign to bring about the realization of the project. All the

countries of the Americas were responsive, and even European nations welcomed the idea. There is now a working organization in Santo Domingo City which is making steady progress toward the completion of plans for the memorial. A recent message from Cuba states that co-operation from that country may be counted on, while the Pan American congress, sitting at Santiago de Chile, May 7, 1925, lent its endorsement. When the fundamental plans of organization financing are completed an architect's competition will be held and a design selected.

The burial place of Columbus was long a subject of controversy, but of late years it has been established almost beyond doubt that the cathedral of Santo Domingo City houses his bones.

Columbus died in Valladolid, Spain, in the year 1506. In 1513 his body was removed to Seville, where it remained for more than twenty years. In 1537, however, in accordance with his expressed wishes, it was transferred to Santo Domingo City and laid in the cathedral, which had been erected in 1514 at the imperial order of Ferdinand and Isabella, and is one of the most important religious buildings in the Western Hemisphere today. Columbus was buried beside the bodies of his son and brother.

In 1795 Spain, by treaty, ceded the island of Santo Domingo—the modern Haiti and the Dominican republic—to France. The Spanish officer in charge of the island decided that it would be unworthy of his country and himself to leave the casket of one so illustrious in the service of Spain in foreign hands, so he ordered it removed to Havana. This was done with great solemnity and ceremony, or, rather, what was believed to be the casket of Columbus was removed.

In 1877 the cathedral, being in need of repair, was being worked over by a group of workmen. There had been vague rumors in Santo Domingo City that Columbus' body was still in the cathedral and that it was that of his son Diego which had been removed to Havana, but the people had paid no attention to them. When, however these workmen, digging in the ancient walls, ran on to forgotten doors and half-buried compartments, and reported the discovery of a casket, these rumors gained credence. And later, when, in the presence of the archbishop and an august group of foreign dignitaries and representatives, this casket was unearthed and the words First Admiral found inscribed upon it, the rumors became fact and with salutes of cannon and many ceremonies the Dominican republic hailed the discovery of the tomb of the discoverer of American.

Then followed years of rest for the Genoan in the cathedral built by the monarchs he served. His mausoleum is in it now, but what

is considered to be a more distinguishing memorial to him will house it soon.

PAN AMERICAN HEROES

The Hall of Heroes in the Pan American Union building is situated in the west corridor on the second floor and it is planned to have a bust of each national hero in the Western Hemisphere deposited there. Ecuador, Paraguay and Nicaragua will, after the presentation of Duarte's image, be the only ones unrepresented. Ecuador's bust is selected, but has not arrived yet.

Duarte is immortal in Dominican history. It was he who named the republic. It was he who founded the famous Trinity which resulted in the Endless Chain, an organization which started the Spanish inhabitants of Santo Domingo Island toward independence. Like so many men who give themselves to a public cause, he became a martyr to his people and was exiled in 1844. He died in Venezuela in 1884 and his body subsequently was brought back to the Dominican republic and placed in the cathedral at Santo Domingo City, where it has reposed ever since.

The Hall of Heroes is a shrine of Pan American friendship. The Columbus memorial, sponsored and supported so enthusiastically by the Pan American Union, is another evidence of the solidarity of this friendship. The two together are further evidence that this friendship, already puissant, is growing stronger.

ROMANTIC LIFE OF COLUMBUS TOLD BY NUMEROUS RELICS

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

Chicago, Nov. 13.—Tangible records of Christopher Columbus—the most mysterious and romantic figure in America's historical background—are being accumulated here in a collection of relics and pictures, documents and seals, which began with the World's Columbian exposition here in 1893.

The anchor of iron which stabilized the flagship Santa Maria of the exploring fleet has been added to the Columbian exhibit of the Chicago Historical society by gifts from the South Park Board. More than nine feet high, weighing nearly two tons, the anchor reposed in Santo Domingo, Haiti, for nearly four centuries.

Presented to the exposition by Dr. Alejandro Llenas of Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, the anchor has been authenticated by many

museum curators. It was secured by Dr. Llenas during his extensive research into Columbus lore and relics in the West Indies.

In the ruins of Navidad, 200 years after its founding, was found an inventory by Columbus' own hand. "Anchor of the varavel" was on the faded parchment.

Relics of the early voyages of Columbus remained in the West Indies. In La Rabida, a convent on the rocky coast of Spain, many of these monuments of the great navigator have been collected into what is considered the greatest exhibit of Columbiana in the world.

Although the Columbian exhibit of the historical society includes many facsimiles of originals now in the hands of the Royal Society of Spain, or in the convent La Rabida, there are several writings at first hand. The signatures of Ferdinand and Isabella, solemnized by the ponderous seal of Spain are recorded on parchment fragments. Cardinal Ximenes of the late 15th century has given his hand to a document contained in the collection. Others are by the Vespucci, family of Amerigo Vesputius, a strong claimant for the honor of having found the new land.

An original of Gunther's book, "Cosmography," printed in Latin, the first book on record using the name "America," has just come to the collection. Bits of horseshoes, stirrups, mailed shoes and other trappings worn by the "grand caballeros" of the early 16th century, West Indies, are among the exhibits. The first bell to peal forth in the new world, the Isabella Bell, is a valued part of the collection.

NEW ORLEANS OLD FRENCH QUARTER TO BE PRESERVED

New Orleans, Dec. 2.—Vieux Carre, French quarter of Old New Orleans, where memories of yesterday abound on every side, will be protected from modernism.

A commission of seven members has been created to act in an advisory capacity with city council to see that no buildings or repairs "out of character" crowd into the historic section now 200 years old.

Here stand the Cabildo, where transfer of the Louisiana Purchase took place; St. Louis Cathedral, built in 1794; the French market, dating from 1723; Napoleon House, built by Girod for the Emperor's residence when Lafitte's men should bring him from St. Helena; the shop of Lafitte, the pirate himself, and the Old Absinthe House, no longer selling absinthe, but still hale and hearty after a hundred years.

The Pontalba buildings, facing Jackson Square on either side, have known such residents and guests as William Makepeace Thackeray, Jenny Lind and Lafayette.

Preservation of the quarter means that Jackson Square will continue to look out on scenes little changed from 1856, when the monument to "Old Hickory" was erected. Here General Jackson was crowned hero of Chalmette by the Creole girls of Louisiana and it was in this same place D'Armes that Don Antonio Ulloa received the keys of the city and took possession of it in the name of the King of Spain.

INDIANS BACK TO RICE FIELDS WHEN MACHINES FAIL

Cass Lake, Minn., Oct. 21.—Machinery, ally of the pale face, has failed in its effort to collect rice in the innumerable lakes of Minnesota and the Indians have been temporarily successful in defending their traditional monopoly of wild rice harvest.

F. J. Scott, acting superintendent of the Consolidated Chippewa Agency here, said this was due to the impracticability of modern rice harvesting machinery rather than to the counter efforts of the red man.

The Indians were greatly alarmed at the appearance of rice harvesting machines. They not only threatened to remove an indispensable means of making a livelihood but literally destroyed the precious fields. The heavy boats necessary to carry the binder-like contraptions ripped the tender stalks from the shallow water, spoiling virtually all rice that the reaper missed.

Now the tribesmen and their families in birch-bark canoes and awkward, but light flat-bottom boats, are proceeding as in the days of old.

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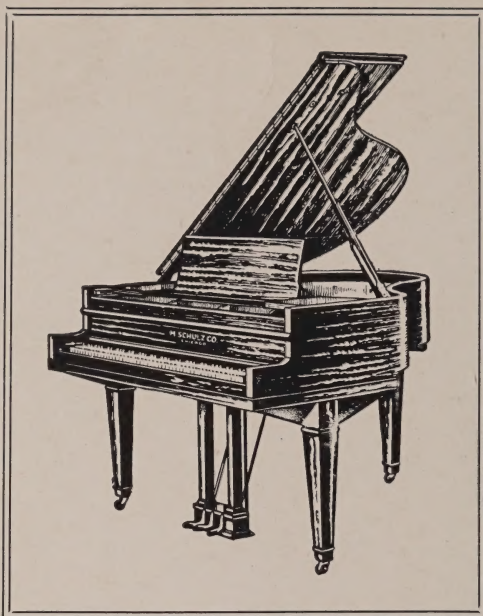


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